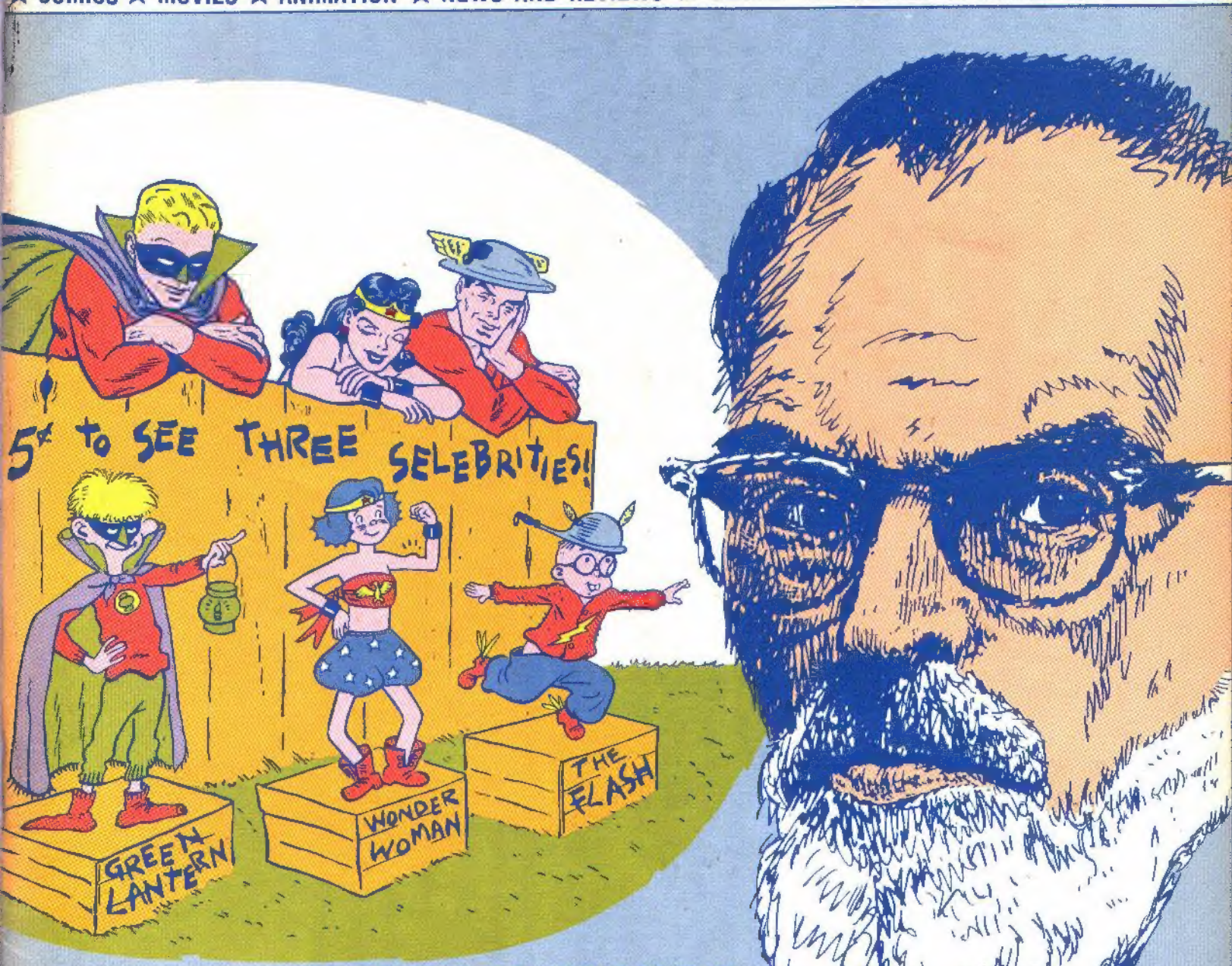
No. 5

AMAZING WORLD OF DC COMICS

★ COMICS ★ MOVIES ★ ANIMATION ★ NEWS AND REVIEWS ★ BEHIND THE SCENES ★ MARCH 1975 ★ $1.50



SHELDON MAYER

THE MAN BEHIND THE GOLDEN AGE

DC AROUND THE WORLD

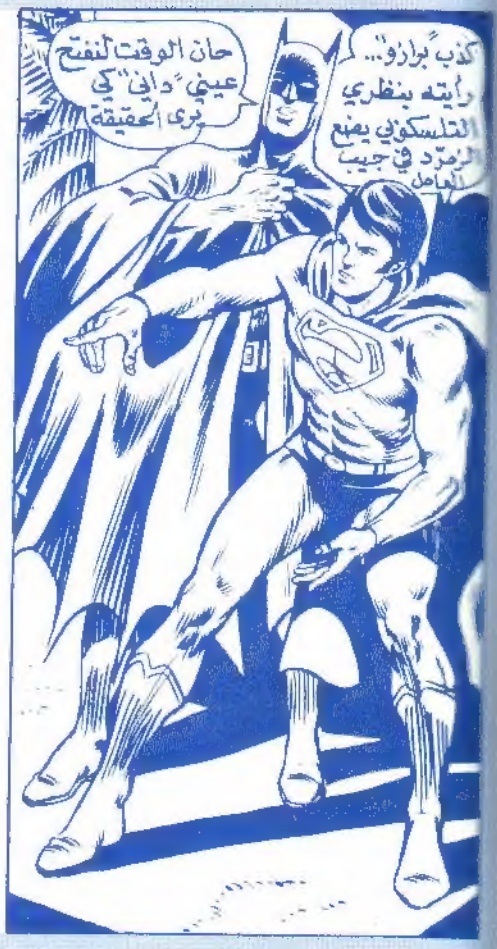
BY ALLAN ASHERMAN

We've all grown up seeing the D.C. super-heroes doing their thing. And so have children all around the world. Of course, they sometimes see slight differences in the super-heroes, as shown in the examples on this page (culled from the files of D.C.'s own one-man foreign department, Milt Snappin).

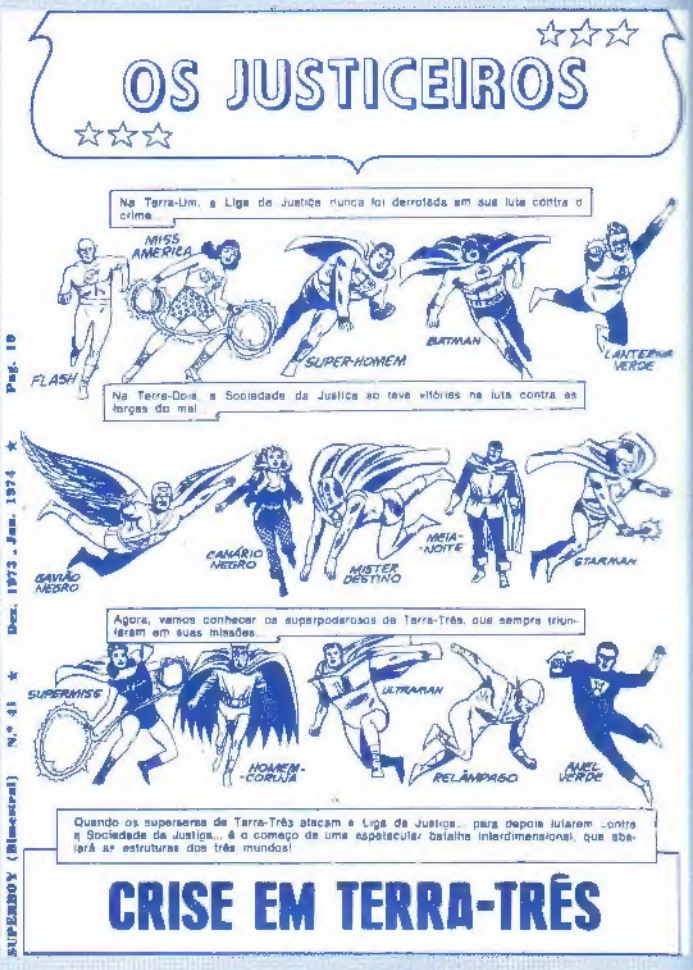
Arabic script is read from right to left, so Lebanese comics must be printed backward with their front cover on the back of the issue. The Brazilian **JUSTICE LEAGUE** features "Miss America" **(WONDER WOMAN),** while **BATMAN** becomes "Laderlappen" in Scandanavian.

In all cases, the dialogue balloons, captions and signs must be redone. If the translated words take up more space than the English, the balloons must also be extended, which sometimes means the art itself must be reworked.

More examples of D.C.'s foreign editions will appear in future issues of **THE AMAZING WORLD OF D.C. COMICS.**



INGEN FARA!
LÄDERLAPPEN ÄR PÅ VÄG !
Titta där uppe — Laderlappssignalen! Skurkar i farten! Men ta det lugnt — Laderlappen kommer! Och då blir det raffel av, det vet dom som sett honom i aktion. Du kan själv vara med om det spännande som händer! Titta bara efter LÄDERLAPPEN hos din tidningshandlare. Han kommer varje månad! Och han slår hårt...
SOCK!
Läderlappen
KOMMER VARJE MÅNAD!


OS JUSTICEIROS
Na Terra-Um, a Liga da Justiça nunca foi derrotada em sua luta contra o crime.
MISS AMERICA
FLASH
SUPER-HOMEM
BATMAN
LANTERNA VERDE
Na Terra-Dois, a Sociedade da Justiça ao teve vitórias na luta contra as forças do mal.
GAVIÃO NEGRO
CANÁRIO NEGRO
MISTER DESTINO
MEIA-NOITE
STARMAN
Agora, vamos conhecer os superpoderosos da Terra-Três, que sempre triunfaram em suas missões.
SUPERMISS
HOMEM-CORUJA
ULTRAMAN
RELÂMPAGO
ANEL VERDE
Quando os superseres da Terra-Três atacam a Liga da Justiça... para depois lutarem contra a Sociedade da Justiça... é o começo de uma espetacular batalha interdimensional, que abalará as estruturas dos três mundos!
CRISE EM TERRA-TRÊS
SUPERBOY (Bimestral) N.º 41 ★ Dez. 1973 - Jan. 1974 ★ Pag. 19

CARMINE INFANTINO
Publisher

SOL HARRISON
Executive Supervisor

JACK ADLER
Special Production Consultant

BOB ROZAKIS
CARL GAFFORD
Managing Editors

ALLAN ASHERMAN
Copy Editor

SERGIO A. CURBELO
JACK C. HARRIS
PAUL LEVITZ
ANTHONY TOLLIN
Contributing Editors

GUY H. LILLIAN III
MICHAEL USLAN
Woodchucks in Absentia

JON L. BLUMMER
E. NELSON BRIDWELL
TONY ISABELLA
CHET KOZLAK
SHELDON MAYER
AL PLASTINO
ALEX TOTH
Guest Contributors
(whether they knew it or not)

SHELLEY EIBER
KELLY HARRIS
JOE LETTERESE
LAURIE ROZAKIS
WAYNE SEELAL
DEBRA ULRICH
Production

OUR COVER: Sheldon Mayer in a self-portrait contemplates the Golden Age with the cover of COMIC CAVALCADE #23.

CENTERSPREAD: A pin-up of Hop Harrigan and his friends drawn in the forties by Jon L. Blummer but never published till now.

BACK COVER: An unpublished page of SUGAR & SPIKE done by Sheldon Mayer.

ISSUE NO.5 MARCH-APRIL 1975

TABLE OF CONTENTS

DC AROUND THE WORLD ..... **Inside Front**
by Allan Asherman

ORIGINS OF THE GOLDEN AGE **2**
by Anthony Tollin

A FEW PARAGRAPHS ABOUT SHELDON MAYER **10**
by Alex Toth

STRANGE SCHWARTZ STORIES REVISITED **13**
by Bob Rozakis

DIRECT CURRENTS **15**
by Paul Levitz and Bob Rozakis

HOP HARRIGAN CENTERSPREAD **24**
by Jon L. Blummer

MURRAY BOLTINOFF: PROFILE OF A PROFESSIONAL **26**
by Allan Asherman and Jack C. Harris

SUGAR & SPIKE 'TWAS EVERYTHING NICE **32**
by Jack C. Harris

FOLLOW THAT SPACE-CABBY **35**
by Tony Isabella

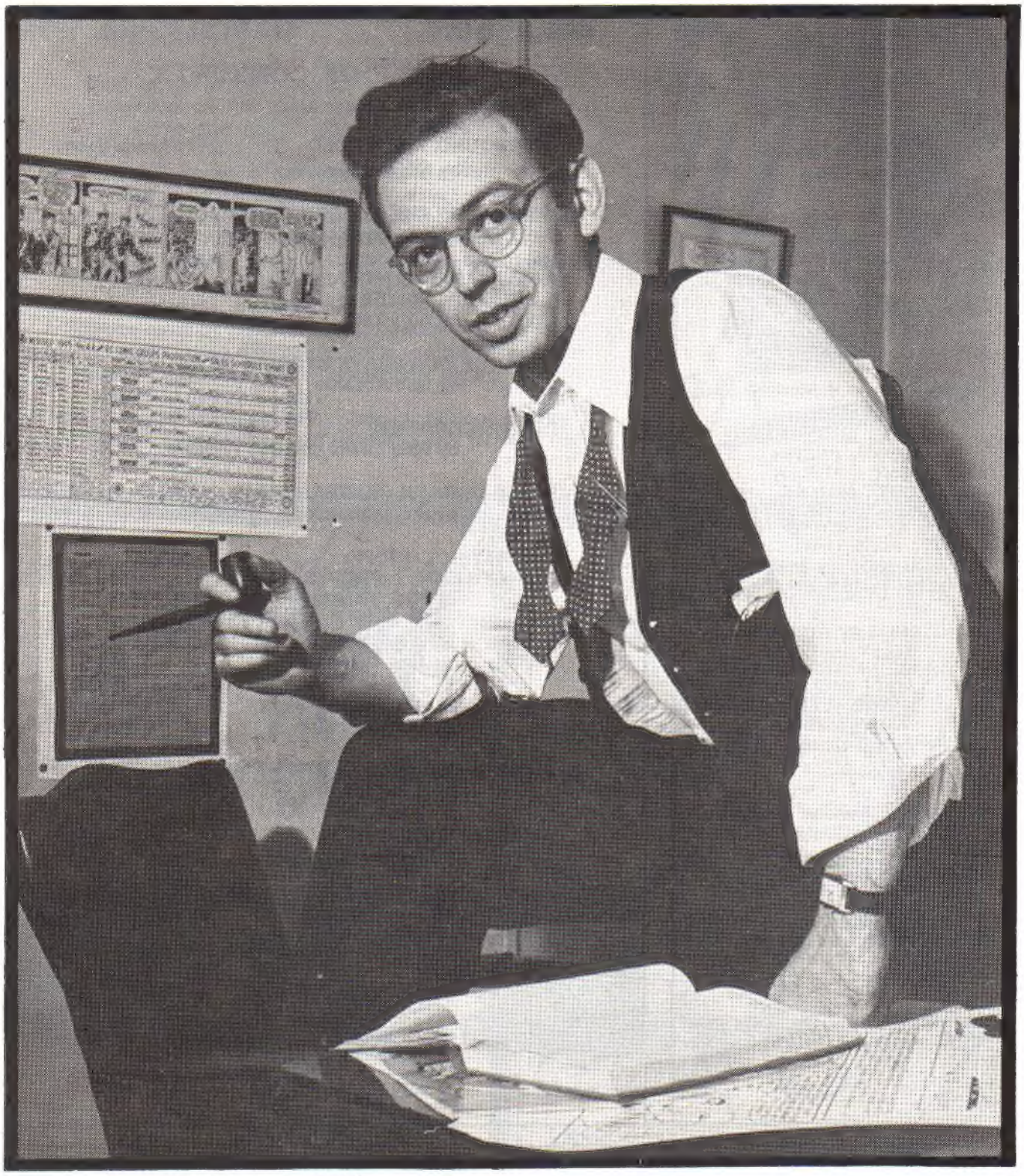
BATMAN NEWSPAPER STRIP (Conclusion) **38**
by E. Nelson Bridwell and Al Plastino

AMAZING WORLD OF PUZZLES ..... **Inside Back**
by E. Nelson Bridwell

THE AMAZING WORLD OF DC COMICS, Vol. 2, No. 5, March-April, 1975. Published bi-monthly by National Periodical Publications, Inc., 75 Rockefeller Plaza, New York, N.Y. 10019. Copyright © 1975 by National Periodical Publications, Inc. Single copies $1.50. Send all mail orders to AMAZING WORLD OF DC COMICS, P.O. Box 116, Radio City Station, New York, N.Y. 10019.

ORIGINS OF THE GOLDEN AGE

SHELDON



MAYER

BY ANTHONY TOLLIN

There are as many opinions in the comic book business as there are creative people and topics to argue about. Few men or concepts are held sacred, but Sheldon Mayer is. I've never heard anyone speak a word against his creativity, editorial prowess or skill at training and polishing raw talent into genius. His proteges provide living evidence of his achievements — men like Carmine Infantino, Julie Schwartz, Alex Toth, Bob Kanigher and Joe Kubert today keep alive a legacy they inherited from Shelly Mayer. His comic creations, including SCRIBBLY, SUGAR & SPIKE, BINKY, and THE THREE MOUSEKETEERS give further testimony to the genius of the man who was the creative force behind DC's ALL-AMERICAN line of the 1940s.

"Sheldon Mayer is a rara avis; one of the few creative men I've met in comics," proclaims Bob Kanigher. "He ran ALL-AMERICAN like Charlie Chaplin opening the cabinet of Dr. Caligari. He mixed plots like D. W. Griffith and Mack the Knife sharing a Catskill Mountains kitchen. He was like one of the early barnstorming pilots who fearlessly flew across the unknown seas of imagination by the reckless seat of his pants."

I grew up in East Harlem. It was a rough, tough neighborhood in those days. Kids began to think about what they were going to do for a living from the day they were born, because everybody wanted to get out of there as soon as possible. You had only three choices; you could do what your father did (usually menial work), or you could run errands for the hoods that the area was full of and work your way up in the mobs, or you could learn a skill on your own that could be turned into honest money. Nobody considered college because it was unreachable . . . impossible. My dad had a small butcher shop. I hated raw meat, law-breaking didn't appeal to me, but cartooning looked like something I could learn to do on my own.

There was no such medium as comic books when I was growing up. The big thing was newspaper strips. Back in those days, the newspaper cartoonist was a sort of god. The papers had recently discovered that their circulations really depended on strong comic strip features. The news itself had become secondary. The top syndicated cartoonists were pulling in better than a thousand a week at a time when a man could support a family on a weekly salary of $28.00. Cartooning was a pretty notable ambition for a youngster in those days.

By the time I was fourteen, the family had moved to Washington Heights, I was hanging around and pestering a cartoonist named "Ving" Fuller who had his home and studio in the neighborhood. He'd been an assistant to Billy **(Barney Google)** DeBeck, done animated cartoons, and was then doing a daily semi-political comic strip for the **New York Mirror.** I worked as his assistant for a while until the **Mirror** cut back and let him go. (Two other neighborhood kids came to work for him too; one was Harry Lampert, a life-long buddy, who later became the first artist to draw **The Flash** and is now president and founder of the highly regarded Lampert Advertising Agency.) Luckily, I still maintained contact with the people I'd met on the paper, and could pick up a few dollars here and there as a gofer (go fer this . . . go fer that).

In 1934, I went to work for the Fleisher animation studio as an opaquer. I soon discovered that I could get $5.00 for suggesting an idea for a scenario or $2.50 for a series of gags for a scene. I began devoting a large share of my time to doing that instead of opaquing and was promptly fired.

During the next year I was working during the day and going to high school at night. I worked in a factory, as an M.C. at a night club, and a variety of odd jobs. Meanwhile, I developed about six different daily strips and was receiving a great deal of encouragement from a guy named John Lardner, the feature editor of the Bell Syndicate. None of the strips "took", however. I also got a lot of encouragement from Milt Gross who was very nice and did everything he possibly could to get me located somewhere, anywhere, but the depression was on. In any case, I made $90.00 that year as an artist because I had sold six greeting cards. It took me half a day to draw 'em and the rest of the year to collect the money.

In 1933, M. C. Gaines convinced Eastern Color Publishing to package comic strip reprints as advertising premiums. The enthusiasm the booklets received convinced Gaines to release a 10-cent comic book for newsstand distribution. The magazine, FAMOUS FUNNIES, became the first regularly published comic book.

Soon, other publishers followed suit and many more comic books hit the newsstands, all featuring reprints of the popular newspaper comic strips of the time. Reprint rights to the more popular strips were hard to come by when Major Malcolm Wheeler Nicholson entered the comic book arena with NEW FUN COMICS in February of 1935. Nicholson was forced to commission all-new material for NEW FUN (soon to be re-christened MORE FUN) and its companion magazine, NEW COMICS (soon to become better known as ADVENTURE COMICS).

My first work in comic books was for Wheeler Nicholson. I wandered into their office to show them my portfolio and they hired me on the spot. They were thrilled with my work and I didn't know that the enormous amount of money they promised me was just big talk. They gave me a very involved contract. Of course, I was too young to sign a contract at the time but I didn't know it and it didn't seem to bother them. In reality, all the contract said was 'If at the end of six months you're not making $25.00 a week, you can quit. If at the end of a year you're not making $50.00 a week, you can quit. If at the end of two years you're not making $100.00 a

Sheldon Mayer at his Desk — a 1945 publicity shot by Sol Harrison.

week, you can quit," all the way up to $500 a week.

I needed to buy some more bristol board to fill the assignments so I asked if they could advance me some money. They wrote me a check for a dollar and one of the guys cashed it with the money they had received for a subscription that day. In the months that followed, I turned out forty or fifty pages of art and story for a half dozen issues of **NEW COMICS** and **NEW FUN.** I was working days in a factory and doing the stuff for Major Nicholson at night. Prophetically (as it turned out), my mother was concerned that I was ruining my eyes "working for nothing" and wanted me to quit with Nicholson.

One day I was waiting for a light to cross Fifth Avenue. Standing beside me was a tall slender kid about my age, carrying a portfolio like mine. I looked at his portfolio. He looked at mine. I asked, "You a cartoonist?" He replied, "Yeah. You?" "Yeah." "Workin'?" "Yeah. You?" "Yeah." "Who for?" "Major Nicholson!" "Me too." "Didja get paid yet?" "Not a dime!" "Me neither!" The guy was Walt Kelly and we spent the afternoon at his place. At the time, he was having a great deal of trouble telling a story in pictures because it really wasn't something he wanted to do at all. Of course, later on he learned very well and did a great job on Pogo.

I never did get paid by Nicholson until after I was working for Gaines. They were still publishing my stuff and I asked for my material back since I hadn't been paid. They gave me a check for $5.00 a page for the eight pages of art they had in the office and the check bounced.

When M. C. Gaines learned that the McClure Syndicate had obtained a pair of two-color presses from the defunct NEW YORK GRAPHIC, he approached them with an offer. "You've got two presses doing nothing. I'll keep them running. All I want is fifty percent of all the business I get for them. The syndicate accepted, and by running the presses in tandem, was soon producing a variety of four-color premiums. The man who had created FAMOUS FUNNIES followed up his earlier success with POPULAR COMICS, featuring a number of strips licensed from the Chicago Tribune Syndicate including DICK TRACY, LITTLE ORPHAN ANNIE, TERRY & THE PIRATES, and GASOLINE ALLEY.

I went to work for M. C. Gaines in January of 1936. I had been up to see him the previous summer and half a year later he gave me a call and offered me a few days of pasteup work.

I started pasting up newspaper strips in the comic book format. It was agony cutting up beautiful Caniff originals. Nobody would dream of wasting money on photostats in those days. Some of the original strip art was on heavy illustration board so I had to peel it off first.

They gave me a huge conference table to work on that had belonged to Lincoln Steffen, who had been the big man at the McClure Syndicate twenty-five years before. I was ecstatic to be working in a newspaper atmosphere again.

Gaines was a very tough man to work for. The rabbi at his funeral described him as "a passionate man". He was always in a state of anger; even when he wasn't, he used it as a tool. He even whispered at the top of his voice. Later, when I first took over some of the business details with the printers and engravers, I'd be on the phone and he'd yell out 'Don't be so nice to them! Holler! It gets better results.'

Frequently in those early days, Gaines and I would work well into the night and shave in the men's room before starting the next day's work. One day a representative from a trucking company came up to the office after his company had botched up in some way. Gaines was out shaving when he came in. He asked if Gaines was mad and I replied without thinking "Mad? He's foaming at the mouth." At that moment, Gaines came charging in with bits of shaving cream still around his mouth. The guy panicked and ran out the door!

On the other hand, while he was always screaming about small, unimportant things, when a really serious blunder occurred he's get very quiet, take off his coat, and work with you all night to fix it.

When the **Superman** strip first came in, I immediately fell in love with it. The syndicate rejected it about fifteen times. Siegel and Shuster kept sending it in and the syndicate kept sending it back. I was singing its praises so much that Gaines finally took it up to Donenfeld. At the time, Gaines' main motivation was to keep his presses rolling and to get some contracts from another source than Dell.

Gaines had Shelly paste the strips into a comic book format, reletter them and the strip debuted in ACTION COMICS #1. The rest is history.

When Harry Donenfeld first saw that cover of **Superman** holding that car in the air, he really got worried. He felt nobody would believe it; that it was ridiculous . . . crazy. It took some nutty little kid who was so into the stuff to see its potential. Of course, **Superman** was a runaway success and nobody wants to admit they turned it down. Who knows, maybe it would never have gone if it had started as a daily strip. All the syndicate experts thought so. Maybe it was fated to be a comic book.

The thing that fascinated me about the **Superman** concept was the very theme that has so frequently been forgotten over the years. The thing that really sold **Superman** in the first place is the alter ego of the hero as contrasted to the costumed crimefighter himself. I fell in love with **Superman** for the same reason I liked the **Scarlet Pimpernal, Zorro,** and the movie, **"The Desert Song."** The contrast between the hero and his alter ego is the very essence of the mystery man concept.

ALL RIGHT! SO A CRUMMY OL' BREADBOARD IS MORE IMPORTANT THAN MY FUTURE! BUT JUST YOU WAIT! I'LL SHOW YOU!!
SHOW ME A GOOD REPORT CARD ONCE IN A WHILE AND I'LL BE SATISFIED!
HMPH! I'LL SHOW 'EM! I'LL SHOW EVERYBODY! SOME DAY THESE PEOPLE'LL DRAG THEY LEANED ON ME INNA SUBWAY!
DAILY

Scribbly, the epitome of boy cartoonists, proudly submits his samples to

MARVELOUS!
GREAT STUFF!
A GENIUS!
OH! OH! I CAN TELL BY HIS EXPRESSION THIS KID EXPECTS A CARPET ROLLED OUT FOR HIM--HOPE HE DOESN'T GET HURT TOO BAD--HE LOOKS AWFULLY SENSITIVE..
PLEASE SHOW THIS TO THE EDITOR! CONFIDENTIALLY, IT'S BETTER'N "TERRIFICMAN"!
REALLY? HE'LL BE THRILLED!

the publishers of "Rational Comics" in the first issue of his own magazine (Aug.-Sept., 1948).

The mystery man and his alter ego are two distinct characters to be played against each other. What appeal would **"The Scarlet Pimpernal"** have had if his alter ego wasn't scared of the sight of blood? He was a hopeless "dandy". No one suspected **he** was the mysterious "Pimpernel", peerless swordsman and masked hero. The same goes for **Zorro** and **Superman.** It's been a successful pattern since the beginning of theatre. Give the audience an opportunity to say "I know something that the people on stage don't know" and "Boy, isn't the bad guy gonna get it when the "sissy" turns into the hero he really is" and they'll love you for it!

Recently, in a trouble shooting report for Carmine, I observed that this element (the business of Clark Kent failing in everything he tries to do and then succeeding as **Superman;** of Clark being trapped in the role as Kent, unable to tell anyone that he's really **Superman)** had been badly neglected. I notice it's back in again. I gather, too, it's been well received and is attracting new fans.

In 1939, Max Gaines began putting out a group of books in partnership with Harry Donenfeld and Jack Liebowitz, the **All-American** line. We had our own offices downtown and remained a separate entity from the **Superman-DC** line. Gaines liked it that way, but nevertheless, he was over at the other offices a great deal of the time and I ran the outfit down below.

Gaines was quite a character. Even though I was already an executive editor with my name on the door, he'd still forget and send me out for cigarettes and this would bother me a great deal. He'd stand in front of the typewriter with a pair of scissors and cut off the copy as you typed it. He would stand behind me rattling change in his pocket while I was writing or drawing and it would drive me nuts. I developed the habit of shaking the pen behind me to clear it, as though I didn't know he was there. He'd jump back and yell! I'd say "Oops, sorry." Eventually, I cured him.

I had a great deal more trouble curing him of another habit. When an artist would come in with carefully done pencils, he'd start cutting the art apart with a pair of scissors to show the artist how he wanted the pencilled art rearranged. "Cut this arm out and paste it down this way," he's say. It never occurred to him that it'd be easier to erase it and do it over. One day E. E. Hibbard came in with a perfect cover. I picked up (my) scissors and said "Now we're going to have to cut this up." Hibbard should have known that wasn't my style, but he was horrified. I tipped him a wink but he didn't catch it. Gaines came over and asked "Where you gonna cut? Where you gonna cut? There's nothing wrong with that." Hibbard looked at me and Gaines looked at me . . . I looked at Gaines and then we both looked at Hibbard, then we all laughed. Gaines realized he'd been taken. He restrained himself from cutting up artwork after that.

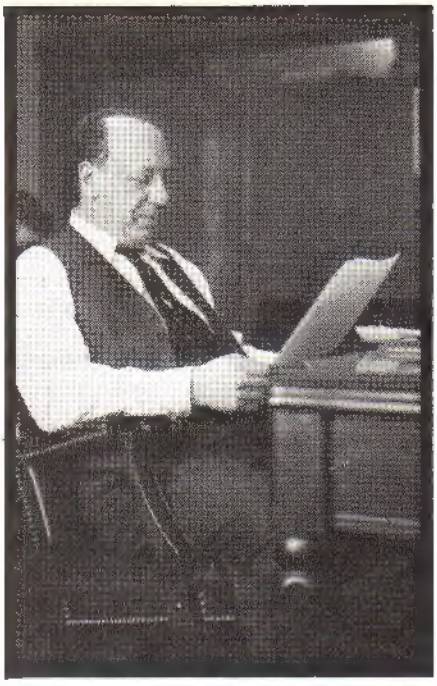
During one summer, Max Gaines brought his son Bill down to be an office boy and Bill hated it. He was fourteen . . . I was nineteen. He had no interest in the atmosphere his father had created. He really wanted to be a photographer and do some things on his own. Max, like many fathers, couldn't think of his son as anything but a "foul-up"! Actually, Bill was very bright . . . but he was a very unhappy fat kid. He was actually not really all that fat, but he THOUGHT of himself as a fat kid. His father constantly reminded him that he was fat and slow moving. Probably, it was his way of asking Bill to move faster. But Bill moved slowly and acted like a fat kid. You simply don't disappoint your own father.

Today Bill Gaines is an amazing guy. He often says his prime contribution as a publisher is to "create an atmosphere where others can create." It's true! And it's an enormous skill. I wonder if he learned it from watching his old man around the office. Bill has made a science of doing the opposite of what his father would have done in any given circumstance . . . And that would explain it. However, in fairness to Max, I must say this . . . Tho' Bill and I often felt like two brothers with a very tough father, if either of us got into trouble, Gaines would become a raging Papa wildcat in our defense. And in this, Bill IS like his father . . . He's very protective of his people in the **MAD** office . . .

The very first issue of ALL AMERICAN COMICS featured the debut of SCRIBBLY, a young cartoonist trying desperately to become a professional. "Most of the young artists of the time were into the SCRIBBLY strip" recalls Joe Kubert. "As a matter of fact, it told the story of most of us who wanted to get into the comic strip business. If any of the young artists who want to get into our business today could get hold of any of the old Scribbly material, I think they'd find the same things that struck us and hit home as relevant today as they were thirty years ago."

Scribbly was a thing I dreamed up during my lunch hour one day in a noisy cafeteria. That was in the days before restaurants had piped-in jukebox music. Years later, I tried to recreate that atmosphere. I wanted to find a place with a hubbub of voices which somehow sped the flow of your own private thoughts. I went to a diner for breakfast with a notebook but it didn't work. I didn't realize it at first, but it was because any clown with a nickle for the jukebox can interfere with your privacy.

"Sheldon Mayer was SCRIBBLY," recalls his close friend Irwin Hasen, He was a kid in a grownup world, the boy wonder of the comic book business. Outside of the office he became a different sort of person, living in a fantasy world of his own. Shelly would walk into a bar as though he was in Carson City in 1895 and make you think the woman who owned the bar was Amanda Blake



M.C. "Max" Gaines in the All-American offices in 1942. Opposite him is a wood carving figurine of him done by Sheldon Mayer that same year.

on GUNSMOKE. He'd start to play the guitar or harmonica. Here was this very dynamic individual who understood every facet of the business and who chose to be SCRIBBLY."

With **Scribbly,** I followed the old rule of writing only about what you know! What was more natural than writing about the adventures of a boy cartoonist? The strip laid on Gaines' desk for months until George Baker, promotion manager and art director for The McClure Syndicate, finally persuaded him to read it. Max wasn't interested in my being a cartoonist. We had a publishing business that was going like crazy, and he didn't want me distracted from my editorial duties. He finally bought **Scribbly,** and became a **fan** of the strip. He used to read it and laugh every time. He never said anything, but laughed every time.

The entire comic book business was booming, thanks to the success of the super-hero concept. Hundreds of SUPERMAN imitators hit the stands, and the man who had first seen the potential of SUPERMAN wasn't about to be left behind. Working with writer Gardner Fox, Shelly came out with FLASH COMICS in 1939. The first issue showcased the premiere appearance of THE FLASH, HAWKMAN, and the bumbling JOHNNY THUNDER. It was an unqualified success. By 1944, the combined SUPERMAN and ALL-AMERICAN lines would be responsible for one-third of the 18 million comic books sold each month.

In 1940, Green Lantern took over the lead spot in ALL-AMERICAN COMICS, the flagship of the Gaines line. Artist Mart Nodell had brought a sketch of the new character to Mayer. With writer Bill Finger (co-creator of Batman), Shelly fleshed out the concept for the power-ringed crusader. Recalling the legend of Aladdin and his magic lamp, Finger suggested GL's alter ego be named Alan Ladd. "That's ridiculous," proclaimed Shelly, "who'd believe that?" The name was changed to Alan Scott, only a few years before the name Alan Ladd began appearing on movie marquees throughout the world.

Nodell's drawing was very crude. His idea for **The Green Lantern** appealed to us as a possibility but I didn't want to take it. I didn't feel that Nodell was the right man to draw the feature and I knew he couldn't write it. I preferred to invent titles and characters myself and assign them to people who were more "ready" than Nodell was at the time. Gaines liked the character though, so we decided to give it a try. It was always a lot easier going if Max went along with it. Nodell made an intense effort to improve his drawing. I never saw a guy try harder. Crude as his efforts seem now, he managed to get the story across and the feature thrived.

In those early days, very few of the people who got into comic books aimed at it like they do today. The only artists who were available to us were former pulp illustrators and young guys who wanted to be newspaper cartoonists. While the illustrators were technically much better, the story was secondary to them. They thought of a comic book as a gallery for their pictures. I had much better luck with the would-be cartoonists. While they were often very crude in their drawing techniques, they would give you faces with some degree of animation to them and they had some rudiments of storytelling.

E. E. Hibbard, who drew **The Flash** for many years, was an exception. He had been a commercial artist and illustrator, never a cartoonist, but he understood what I was after and accommodated me. He learned to draw the way he would have if he had started out as a cartoonist, and when good craftsmanship was needed, he could provide it. Most important, he did learn to tell the story.

In the beginning, I found that the smell of the hack was on the trained writers we hired from the pulps. I don't want to downgrade the word "hack". It simply means "turn out stuff fast!" All our guys had to learn to do it. A good "hack" writer must be able to take the standard formula and keep giving it a fresh look month after month. Unfortunately, when I worked with guys who had been taught fast writing in other fields, I always got less than I wanted from them. My greatest successes were with those who had never written before.

Gardner Fox was a former lawyer, but was too gentle a guy to be a successful one. As he tells it, his career ended when, in the middle of a court case, he saw the other guy's side and said so out loud, admitting that his client was wrong. So he came to work for us.

Gardner has never had ambitions to be another 'Hemingway', but he is certainly a "pro" and a fast one. And he is good at running with the ball, and passing it back to you. I used to go over to his house and collaborate on the stories. (It wasn't really a collaboration in the truest sense because I always had the last word, which is an unfair advantage for a collaborator but a normal thing for an editor.) Gardner would hand me a fencing foil and somehow ideas would come while I was walking around swinging the thing. He'd sit at the typewriter, throw out an idea . . . or catch one of mine . . . and we'd turn out enormous amounts of material that couldn't have been turned out any other way. We'd finish plotting a book-length **ALL-STAR** story before I'd leave at night. Gardner

was one of the few guys who could sit down, make a writing decision, or accept one, and write it fast, without wasting time trying to **"SECOND-GUESS"** it. When the scripts came in, I'd sometimes edit them so heavily that the end result was as if I had written the story with a very intelligent secretary. To me, the collaborations were just a way of two guys doing more writing TOGETHER THAN they could possibly total separately! By the time we finished a script, it was impossible to tell who wrote what. The ideas grew while we sat there.

My method was very tough on writers unless we knew each other very well and really got along. I really have to give those guys credit because I was no picnic to get along with and yet we remained good friends.

"Shelly wanted me to write WONDER WOMAN," recalls Bob Kanigher. "The Marston family was dissatisfied with everyone but Shelly. I brought in the script and Shelly threw it on the floor. He jumped up and down on it. I went home and rewrote it. He repeated his feet stomping exercises on it. I went home and rewrote it again. Again he committed an atrocity on my script. I told him to go (CENSORED) and left. He phoned me at home and accepted the script with certain revisions and invited me to become an editor. I think this was his diabolical way of getting even with me for telling him to go (CENSORED), for I became the sole writer and editor of WONDER WOMAN for more than 15 years."

I used to have a trick for coming up with story plots. I'd take five disconnected objects, things with no connection whatsoever like a ski boot and a grandfather's clock and by trying to **connect** them, you would build a story around them. Pretty soon, you'd find yourself with characters suggested by the objects, and by tying them together you had one hell of a plot.

As part of a program to develop new talent, I used to lecture once a year at The School of Industrial Art. Carmine Infantino and another student who had heard one of my lectures come down to my office a few days later to show me their work. Carmine was good, and so was the other boy. I asked if their fathers were working and could afford to let them finish school. When they both said "Yes," I said something like: "Good! You're lucky! Go back to school, and come see me in a year." Then I laid out a program of sketching exercises, suggesting that they follow them in addition to their school work. Their faces fell! They were good and they knew it, but they weren't quite ready to start grinding stuff out. I told 'em that starting too soon would stop their development. I admitted they could probably get work elsewhere, but advised them to avoid it for another year. At this stage they could become the victims of somebody's editorial policy and stop thinking for themselves. The foundation for an independent approach to drawing has to be there before you're exposed to commercial pressures . . . Short-cuts and speed-tricks are fine when your drawing skills are developed. Yours aren't," I remember saying, "and without 'em you're only a machine . . . a tool to help the guy who HAS got 'em." I knew it sounded like a brush-off, and I tried to convince them it wasn't, but I wasn't sure I'd made my point."

Shelly's recommendations to aspiring artists now are the same as then:

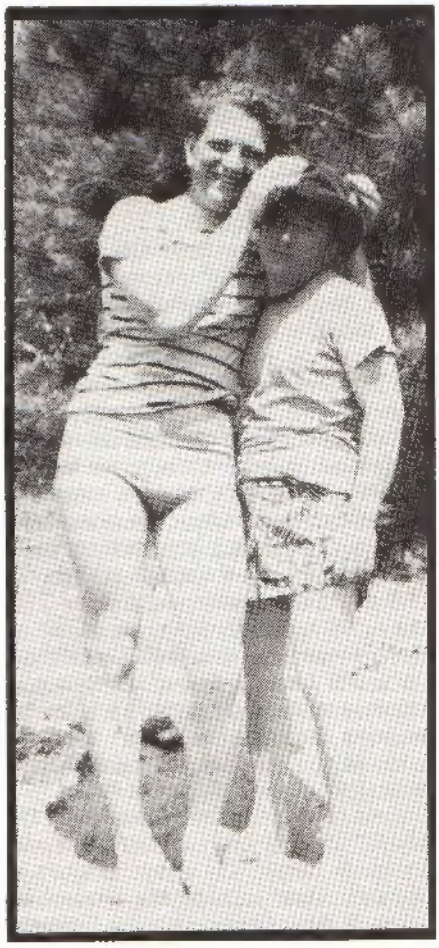
Sketch from life while the subjects are moving. One famous caricaturist learned his craft by drawing quick sketches in his **pocket** of people on the subway and he wouldn't know what he had until he took it out later. What gets down on paper isn't important at all. What is important is what gets into your head and stays there. You can't draw pictures until you can **see** 'em! Spot the details that **count!** You must learn to make your **eyes** work for you! Anyone can get his hand to do anything he wants. Instead of thinking of it as something between your brain and hand, you should think of it as something between your **eyes** and **brain.** Do 5000 quick sketches from life and very little will "stump" you. However, you need time to **reflect** between sketches. TIME!

Neither Carmine nor his friend had done enough life study or had enough background in his craft to start working on a professional level. Oh, they were good enough for some clown to start using them at bottom rates and turn them into machines, but they'd never get past that stage. I felt their potential was too good to waste that way. I could see by the looks on their faces that they were both hating my guts. I offered them appointments for one year later, **after** they had graduated.

Carmine returned ALONE exactly a year later with a full sketch-book and a diploma. He had improved noticeably and I gave him a script. The fact that his work subsequently won so many awards is sufficient testimony that my advice was sound. The fact that he is today the publisher of N.P.P. has nothing to do with my advice . . . THAT he did on his own! In fact, in 1967, we had a three-day session up here in my studio (in Copake, N.Y.) when he was first offered the Editorial Directorship, and **I tried to talk him out of it!** Failing that, I gave him my blessing and whatever moral support and wisdom I could muster.

The other lad, I've been told, started working for other publishers the day he left my office. I'll say this for him. His work has improved . . . he's done some remarkable stuff, both pencilling and inking. But he is known primarily as one of the best inkers in the field, and I can't help wondering . . . What if . . .?

Mayer alumni Joe Kubert and Irwin Hasen clown on a California beach, circa 1947.



*I suppose I deserve this. It's what I get for teaching these guys to think in terms of dramatic pictures. A foot stomping on a script makes a better picture than a blue pencil crossing out chunks of dialogue and rewriting it in the margin. Bob walked out with that script just when I had it the way I wanted it! He's right! I made him an editor to teach him a lesson! . . . And to get that script back! . . . Because after I had fixed it, I liked it.—S.M.

"I guess I was always a little jealous of my artists, because they were drawing pictures and I wasn't. The only time I was really happy was when I was drawing. If a guy was going to hit me for a raise, he'd wait until he heard me whistling behind the door of my office . . . then he'd know that I was working on a MUTT & JEFF cover and I'd be more receptive. If Sol Harrison's production schedule was behind, he'd bring in some small problem, saying I could solve it by drawing a quick picture to fill some spot . . . And while I was drawing it, he'd spring his bad news. It always worked. Bad news never bothered me when I was drawing pictures.

When I went off on social jaunts with some of the guys, I noticed that there were certain things that the boss wasn't supposed to hear. That separation disturbed me a great deal because I felt more identification with them than I did with the publishers I worked for. I thought of myself as an artist, not a businessman. Unfortunately, I was in a position of making decisions of a business nature, some of which made the fellows quite uncomfortable. I really didn't want any part of it. Who wants to make decisions that affect other peoples lives?

I was editing some scripts one day when I heard two of my artists talking outside my office. "Hey, that's a beautiful cover you have there. Have you shown it to the old man yet?" "No," the other replied "I'm going to show it to him now." Then I heard a knock at my door. I was 31 years old and the artist was 47; that was the day I decided to quit.

A couple of years before, I had given up **Scribbly** because I just didn't have time to do it anymore. You really can't be a cartoonist and an editor at the same time. They're two separate and distinct worlds. I realized that while others were going off to the golf course, all I was doing was trying to find some way to get off in a corner and draw pictures.

In 1948 Shelly Mayer retired from the helm of the ALL AMERICAN line.

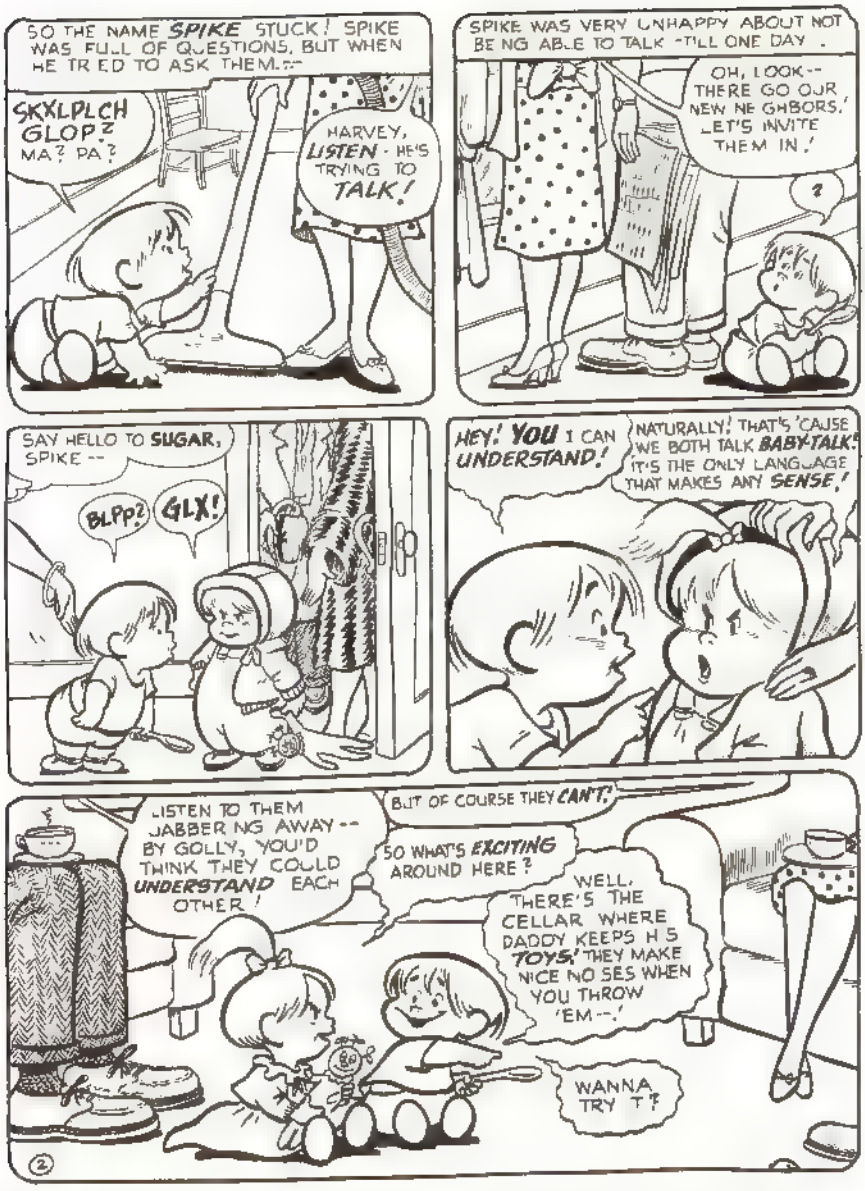
In 1947 the "teen-age" and "funny animal" books had come into vogue, and my kind of drawing was back in style. It was now or never. I told Jack Liebowitz (then president of **National Comics)** that I wanted to go back to drawing pictures. My staff was in good shape and things could run smoothly without me.

Jack said I'd been working too hard. "Take it easy for a while and think it over!" We both knew I couldn't hope to earn the kind of income I was being paid as Editorial Director if I went back to being a cartoonist, but it didn't seem to matter to me. "Go visit those cowboy friends of yours again." Jack said. "Get back on a horse for a couple of weeks. That's all you need. Let's see how you feel when you come back." It was sound advice and I took it. I came back with a great idea for a teen-age comic book which I couldn't wait to start drawing. But Jack felt I was still making a mistake. He offered me an attractive salary arrangement as a cartoonist, (much less than my Editorial salary, but good enough to get by) on the condition that I turn out one more teen-age comic book as an editor. He was still convinced I'd change my mind, and was trying to protect me from my own rashness. **LEAVE IT TO BINKY** was the idea I had come back with, and since he had indicated his preference that I revive **Scribbly** if I went back to drawing, I decided to make **Binky** my swan-song as an editor. I began to seriously research teen-agers, their values, lingo, etc. of that period. My wife and I spent a lot of time with the teen-age offspring of our friends and neighbors, even accepting an invitation to a formal high-school prom. We went along with the kids and did everything they did . . . (within reason) . . . and got home exhausted at 7 a.m. Sorrel collapsed in the bedroom, while I made a ham and egg breakfast for a group of 'em who'd followed us home. It was a marvelous night and we still talk about it.

I assigned Bob Oksner to do the art, Hal Seeger as scripter, and Larry Nadel, then in charge of our humor books, as editor. I wrote some of it, designed many of the characters personally and spent a lot of time at Bob's studio, drawing some of it right alongside of him. But when we had the final pencilled artwork in the

Sugar AND Spike
By Sheldon Mayer
ONCE UPON A TIME THERE WAS A CUTE LITTLE BABY BOY NAMED (OF ALL THINGS) CECIL--
HOWEVER, AS THE MONTHS PASSED, HIS NAME SEEMED TO FIT HIM LESS AND LESS--
HIS MOTHER TRIED CALLING HIM...
MY LITTLE LAMBIE-PIE--
AH-- BUT HIS DADDY PREFERRED...
HEY-Y, THERE, SPIKE!
SOMETIMES IT CAME A LITTLE LOUDER...
SPI-IKE!
WHAT'S ALL THE FUSS ABOUT? A FELLA'S GOT TO LEARN TO HANDLE A HAMMER SOME-TIME!

An historic first meeting: Spike Wilson learns of the existence of baby


SO THE NAME SPIKE STUCK! SPIKE WAS FULL OF QUESTIONS, BUT WHEN HE TRIED TO ASK THEM--
SKXLPLCH GLOPZ MAZ? PAZ?
HARVEY, LISTEN - HE'S TRYING TO TALK!
SPIKE WAS VERY UNHAPPY ABOUT NOT BEING ABLE TO TALK -TILL ONE DAY .
OH, LOOK-- THERE GO OUR NEW NEIGHBORS. LET'S INVITE THEM IN!
SAY HELLO TO SUGAR, SPIKE --
BLPP? GLX!
HEY! YOU I CAN UNDERSTAND!
NATURALLY! THAT'S 'CAUSE WE BOTH TALK BABY-TALK! IT'S THE ONLY LANGUAGE THAT MAKES ANY SENSE!
LISTEN TO THEM JABBERING AWAY-- BY GOLLY, YOU'D THINK THEY COULD UNDERSTAND EACH OTHER!
BUT OF COURSE THEY CAN'T!
SO WHAT'S EXCITING AROUND HERE?
WELL, THERE'S THE CELLAR WHERE DADDY KEEPS HIS TOYS! THEY MAKE NICE NOISES WHEN YOU THROW 'EM--!
WANNA TRY IT?
2

talk from Sugar Plumm (from Sugar & Spike #1, April-May, 1956).

office, we all felt that the dialogue still wasn't right. Remembering the lingo I'd picked up on my jaunts with my new highschool senior friends, I rewrote the dialogue on the whole 48 pages with Oksner, Seeger and Nadel listening and laughing as we made the changes. Right then all four of us knew we had a hit . . . even before it was inked. Oksner's beautiful girl drawings were a contribution I never could have made had I drawn **Binky** myself. And a very large part of Binky's subsequent success was directly due to his drawing skill. I have since learned to draw girls passably well, but at that time my skills as an artist were largely undeveloped. I suspect that Jack was hoping I'd discover that while working on the **Binky** swan-song. I didn't have to discover that . . . I'd always known it. But I was convinced that by spending full time on drawing, (which I'd never been able to do before) I'd learn the things I'd been teaching young artists to do for years. It took longer than I thought . . . indeed . . . I'm still learning more every day. But at least I'm now in a position to take my own advice. Draw! Draw! Draw!

When word got out that I was talking of leaving, other publishers contacted me with offers of partnerships, percentage deals, etc., to be an editor. But I turned 'em down. Money wasn't the problem. Jack, finally convinced that I couldn't be dissuaded from my "insanity", accepted my resignation and put Whitney Ellsworth, then Editorial Director of the **DC** half of our company, in charge of the **All-American** Group as well. I went to work at home on **Scribbly** in February or March of 1948.

Scribbly was wrong for the Teenage market at that time. It was actually nostalgia, not formula teenage stuff . . . I got a lot of mail from an enthusiastic, but **small** group of fledgling cartoonists. So we put the book to sleep after 12 issues and I did funny animal stuff until 1955.

In that year, animal books had hit a low point and something was needed to give the field a fresh start. Over the years, as trends had shifted, I had been called in as editorial consultant and asked to throw in my two-cents worth. Called upon again, I did an analysis of what was selling and what wasn't and submitted a report in which I demonstrated that our "funny-books" had been counting too much on gags and not enough on character development or human interest.

Jack said, "Okay. Go home and don't come back till you have two books you think will work!" For a guy on salary, this is a beautiful assignment. One of the things we had discussed in the conference was an animal feature we had dropped years before. It had sprung from an idea for a possible title that Sol Harrison had submitted to me: **The Three Mouseketeers.** We had developed it as an animal parody of Dumas' costume novels. It had been a lead feature in **FUNNY STUFF** for years. Now it had been suggested that we revive the title rather than sue Disney who had recently introduced the "Mouseketeer" club on t.v., probably unaware that we had done it first. The question was, "HOW?" The choice was mine. I was to dream up new characters to fit the title. This was no problem . . "Fatsy", "Patsy", and "Minus" were three kids in our neighborhood gang back in East Harlem . . . I was one of 'em . . . (Minus, naturally). I simply converted 'em into mice-kids, laid the setting in the back-yard of the house in Rye where I then lived and worked, and the whole thing fell neatly into place.

The other book didn't come so easily. It was to be about kids . . . **Human** kids . . . to compete with the rash of **Dennis the Menace** imitations that were then flooding the market. I resisted all suggestions that it be another **Dennis** imitation! I remember saying, "When Ketchum dreamed up **Dennis**, he looked around him and found what he was looking for in his own kid. To that degree only, I WILL imitate Ketchum . . . I too will look around me and see what I come up with. But it won't be another **Dennis** type. It'll be somebody else, with his own individuality. That way, it'll have a better chance of survival when the **Dennis** craze ends. Easier said than done. Ketchum had his little son . . . My kids were already entering their teens. I had to look

Shelly with "Spike" — his son "Lanny". *photo by Chet Kozlak.*

elsewhere.

After observing and sketching the neighborhood kids for a day or two, every idea I had was just another "kid" strip. Nothing fresh seemed to show itself. Trying to recall what my own kids were like when they were smaller, I ran our old home-movies of them, working my way back thru the dozens of reels to the earliest shots we had of 'em. Merrily and Lanney were less than a year apart in age, so that there was a brief period during which neither of them had learned to talk yet. Watching them together as babies in their playpen (when Lanney was about 9 months old, and his sister about 10 months older) I observed that they seemed to be communicating with each other. On this silent film, you could swear they were having an involved conversation. And yet I KNEW that they had not been able to talk when I shot those films. I was so absorbed with this strange phenomenon that it was almost ten minutes before I realized I had found what I was looking for . . . The theme for **Sugar and Spike** was staring me right in the face! I went right to work.

In two weeks, I was back at the office with carefully worked up "storyboard" presentations of the two new books. The first issues of **THE THREE MOUSEKETEERS** and **SUGAR AND SPIKE** appeared early in 1956. Both titles did well from the start and by 1957 went from bi-monthlies to eight times a year. Sixteen issues a year was more than I could handle alone, so I turned the drawing of the **Mouseketeers** over to my friend, the late, great Rube Grossman, continuing to write the scripts myself, and working very closely with Rube on layout, etc. for a while. Eventually I turned the writing over to Si Wright and others, concentrating entirely on **SUGAR AND SPIKE.**

A successful comic-book is something like a play on Broadway; sooner or later it completes its "run" and should be put to sleep . . . to be revived again later, perhaps, as has happened so often in our business. **THE THREE MOUSEKETEERS** completed its run during the 1960s. An attempt was made some years later, to revive it using reprints but the timing was wrong and it quietly went back to rest.

SUGAR AND SPIKE weathered several drops in circulation, but each time I was able to introduce a new twist, or a new character, (as with **Bernie the Brain**) and the sales were revived.

Somewhere between 1964 and 1966, Shelly began to notice that his eyesight was failing. By 1967, it was definitely diagnosed as pre-senile cataracts in both eyes.

The curious thing about cataracts is that surgeons won't operate 'till you're walking into walls. By then, any restoration of vision, be it ever so slight, is an improvement. And they can't guarantee even that. Therefore they resist "robbing" you of what might be a few more years

A FEW(?) PARAGRAPHS ABOUT

A few paragraphs on Sheldon Mayer? Impossible! There's far, far too much to tell.

The story of Shelly Mayer and me starts with a fella named Irwin Hasen; circa 1942 or 1943, during WWII. I was a teen-ager and aspiring cartoonist. Being a great fan of Irwin's **Wildcat** and **O'Malley** series in Gaines' **SENSATION COMICS.** I wrote a fan letter to him, c/o editor Mayer, stating my affection for his work and wondering why another artist had been assigned to **Wildcat.**

Shelly interceded, replying that Irwin had been drafted into the army (thus the replacement on **Wildcat**) and that I should write to him directly c/o his service address, for he'd just been operated on and would appreciate the bolstering of a fan letter during his recuperation.

Thus, Irwin and I exchanged correspondence about his work and my desire to be a cartoonist. He suggested I show my samples to Shelly, so I phoned for an appointment and ventured down to 225 Lafayette Street for our first meeting: a lengthy one as I remember, far more than any kid deserved.

Shelly took a great deal of time with me, via critique and advice about the "how, what, and whys" needed to make it as a cartoonist. He showed me original pages of his artists' works, gave me a batch of the company's already-scaled blue-lined page blanks to practice drawing on — with special emphasis on learning to do my own lettering "Letter-print everything you write. It's the only way to learn!" he said. I liked and respected Shelly, at once and totally!

Shelly admitted he'd taken all that time with me because not too many others shared his appreciation of, and admiration for Irwin Hasen's originality, style, simplicity, snap and storytelling potential. We both had seen the "diamond in the rough" qualities in Irwin's work, enjoying the freshness and originality it held, and watched his development story by story. We both knew that he would go far (as he certainly has, though in other directions, via **Dondi**).

Shelly invited me to visit him again when I'd made some improvement in my own work and had penciled and inked some more sample pages to show him, which I did from time to time thereafter. Before I ended my first visit, though, he fulfilled my request for a Hasen original by ordering a set of full-sized stats of an entire **Wildcat** story mounted on page blanks, with which he surprised me as a momento of our visit together. Company policy voided my being given the original art, but I was on Cloud Nine when I floated out of his office and all the way home.

I later connected with other publishers for my basic training in the comic book field, but I still wasn't quite good enough to work for Shelly. Then, with the war over, Irwin Hasen came home and we met

of whatever vision you have left. The operation itself is usually successful. It's simply a question of removing the damaged lens that God gave you, (which leaves you legally "blind") and replacing it with specially prepared eye-glasses. And there's the rub. There's absolutely no way of knowing in advance whether they will work. Or to what degree.

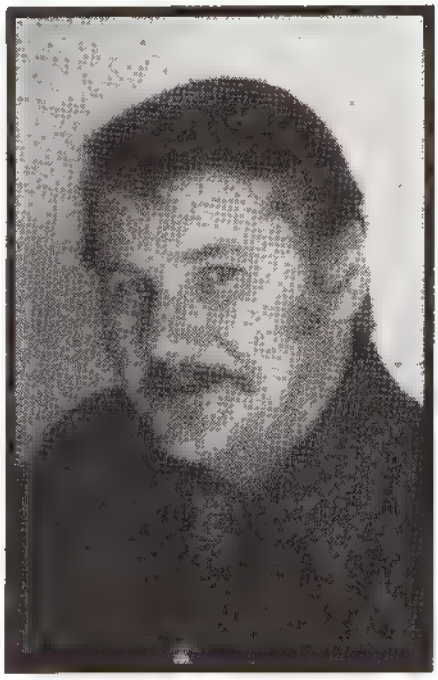
So there I was . . . Waiting for the surgeon to decide to operate, not knowing if I could work again when he did. I was still writing and drawing **Sugar and Spike,** but seeing a little less every day. It's amazing how beautiful all the girls and women suddenly had become. For five years I never saw a wrinkle or a pimple. Just lovely smooth faces. I was beginning to enjoy it, until their eyes and noses disappeared too.

In 1971, **Sugar and Spike** sales were down again. The book needed another new shot-in-the-arm. But this time, I just couldn't seem to manage it. So I stopped drawing **Sugar and Spike,** and we dropped the book. I wrote scripts. Carmine and the boys were very patient while I learned to work with a tape-recorder and a typewriter. I managed to turn out scripts of all kinds . . . **House of Mystery** stuff for Joe Orlando, some adventure stuff, some humor, and I also continued performing my usual trouble-shooting assignments as editorial consultant for Carmine. Wrote reports analyzing publishing problems related to scripts, features, in our magazines, etc., making recommendations, suggestions, etc. I was relieved to be told subsequently that they were largely followed and found to be effective. (A guy's gotta pull his weight).

Finally, both eyes were operated on between May and August of 1973. I kept working straight thru the recuperation period. Even in the hospital. But by now it was mostly notes and half formed ideas that would carry me only part-way thru a script and then bog down . . . or run into a dead-end. I was trying something new (by 'open' assignment) . . . something that had never been done in comic books before, and I was in totally strange territory. When my vision began to return, I dropped it temporarily and completed an assignment to convert **'Genesis',** (the first book of the Old Testament) into a 64-page comic book. I rough-sketched that script rather than typed it because I needed the advice of several theologians, and it was easier for them to look at pictures than to wade thru the scene descriptions. It was the first **drawing** I had done (by assignment) since 1971. Subsequently, I wrote and pencilled the artwork on two giant **Rudolph** books. Those days of working closely with Rube Grossman paid off because now I had to adapt HIS style . . . as he had learned mine for the **Mouseketeers.** I was in heaven! I could SEE again! And I was back to drawing pictures!

Then the ideas and half-scripts I had been working on during the recuperation period, (working with my left eye from May to August, and my right eye from September to November) suddenly crystallized! I asked for and got time to work on a 13-page rough pencil presentation (with main characters carefully drawn and developed plus some ten pages of scenario typed out) of the new idea. All the missing pieces have fallen into place and now I'm convinced it's solid and sound. It's on Carmine's desk now. The fact that he and the boys haven't made a decision on it is a very good sign! It means they're a little afraid of it. That's good because it means it's DIFFERENT! . . . Hopefully, like **Superman** was different! A good pro SHOULD approach it cautiously because anything that goes into a new uncharted direction can BOMB! . . But if it hits, it hits BIG! And that's why I quit editing to be a comic book artist. I've been prospecting for a new direction. This time, I think I've found it. If you never hear about it again, you'll know I'm still prospecting . . . Looking for another one! ●

SHELDON MAYER By ALEX TOTH



at his apartment hotel on West 79th Street. I had worked in comics during the last two years of my high school career at the School of Industrial Arts. However, in 1946, a paper strike severely limited production throughout the field, and I was about to be out of work when I met Irwin — and his three visitors — that afternoon!

He buoyed my confidence that day, liked my work, and introduced me to his other guests. They also encouraged me to keep plugging and, in fact, try Shelly again in his new offices at National Comics which were located at 480 Lexington. They were wonderful to me and I'll never forget that day — or them — Joe Kubert, Lee Elias, and Bob Oksner!

Early in 1947, I got together enough courage to chance another turndown and went to see Shelly Mayer! He was terrific; warm, wildly funny, unpredictable from moment to moment, and with a great flair for dramatic impact and zany antics — such as reaching behind his chair for his guitar and bellowing out a chorus of "Home on the Range" before getting serious again. It was unnerving at times, but part of that wonderful human being and at all times, sharp, critical editor, non pariel, Sheldon Mayer — **Scribbly** all grown up!

He looked through my originals and printed comic book tearsheets, then picking up the phone, spoke to Julie Schwartz. "I've a young kid in here named Alex Toth. I want you to bring in a script for him. He'll be working for us!" I damn near died . . . or cried! Julie came in with my first script for National Comics. Shelly went on: "Alex will **start** at $30.00 a page — (If I started you at less, you'd never get a raise!) — and we'll expect him to work his ass off for it. Got it?" Julie blinked at him; then me. I blinked back — in disbelief! I'll never forget that moment, that man, or what followed.

Shelly was my teacher, mentor, hero, et al! He expressed himself, no holds barred, while going over a strip I'd brought into his office. Noting that I was loading up panels

with lots of what I thought to be interesting "gingerbread", he flew into a rage. "No, no, no! Damn it! Stop trying to be a Michaelangelo, Alec! **Just tell the story!** Simply! **Simply! SIMPLY!**" Whereupon, one by one, he tore up each page and let the pieces fall around him. I was furious, hurt, outraged! I wanted to kill him on the spot! My face flushed in anger. I rose from my chair wobbly.* Shelly, calm now, said in steely tone, "Now go home, Alec, and do it over again!" Somehow, I got out of that office. Tears filled my eyes. Anger and frustration choked me so that I couldn't speak. I twisted that script into knots as I made my way home. I wanted to quit, get out of it, anything but do that strip again or suffer such a scene of rejection at Shelly's hands!

But this hot-blooded hungarian kid of 18 cooled down a bit, and the **real** meaning of what had occured began to emerge. Shelly knew so much more than I, and cared about comic strips, and about me. He had spent many hours critiquing my work, and others work, for me; explaining the mechanics of storytelling technique, copy, layout, etc. He **loved** strips, cartooning, and was waging his own battle at the time; torn 'twixt his need to be a cartoonist and his commitment to being a damned good editor, realizing that both demanded fulltime involvement. He couldn't do both at once, despite his many years of doing just that with **Scribbly.**

To return to that day of the torn up pages: Yes, I did sit down at my board again to redraw that story. I tried my best to see that script through new eyes and a fresh viewpoint, attempting to set down a cleaner, less cumbersome job of visual storytelling. I fought the baser instinct that somehow Shelly was depriving me of my "artistic right" to express myself by refusing to let me stuff in all those little atmospheric "goodies" that I admired so much in the work of my contemporaries. Finally the point struck home. They knew how and when and where! I didn't! I hadn't learned that yet. I'd not yet seen beyond "surface finish"! That was what Shelly saw and knew and tried to make me see! The lesson was hard-taught, but well-taught, by a fired-up, sharp, and passionate artist, student, scholar, teacher, and editor named Mayer!

In all my years of cartooning, I have tried hard to view each page I've drawn with an eye to how Shelly would view it, applaud it, or reject it. I've torn up hundreds of pages through the past 30 odd years, and I'm certain Shelly would have done so had he seen them. There are many that went into print that should've been torn up too! I **know** that! But deadlines, being what they are, often force unfortunate compromises. I've made my share.

That period, **too short a time,** working with Shelly, taught me much! His "shock treatments" opened my eyes; to "see", investigate, analyze, discover, probe, experiment; to **think!** To be so much more critical of my own work and others' as well; to look beyond the "surface" tricks of facile hands and into the real worth of the work and the artist; to the basic truth underlying all that seductive dash, splash, and technique!

"Is the story being told well?" If not, why not; how; etc.

"Why did the artist do this?"

"How could it have been made better?"

"Is the story being told?" (As dramatically and effectively as it can be? And as **simply?**)

Because of Shelly, my eyes opened to the wonders of "economy"; the bare truth of "less is more", stripping away false gods and technical tricks and seeing the strength, courage, and beauty of the unadorned honest line which can stand alone!

Unfortunately, publishers today view the simple, clean-lined style as "uncommercial" and "dull" or as "cheating" or "old-fashioned"! Thus, we have all been forced to yield to them, and furnish them so many pounds of technique per page to justify our fees. Today, comic strips and books offer an infinite number of muddled mazes for our eyes to travel, panel to panel, page to page, overprinted with ill-chosen colors to further outrage our eyes' ability to perceive that "story" buried within. For shame, all of us! Were the likes of Shelly Mayer at the editorial helm today, such would not be the case! His kind is all to rare! I love the man, the mind, the intellect, the no-nonsense honesty of Shelly Mayer!

I owe him my career, my principles, and my undying devotion!

He is an "original", "non-returnable", as per company policy!

How unfortunate for all the rest of us! ●

August 18, 1947

Dear Alec:

Your Mother tells me that you are in bed and are unable to work.

She also indicates that you are concerning yourself unnecessarily over your deadline.

When a guy is healthy and on his feet and doesn't produce his work, we raise hell. But when he is flat on his back, that's another story.

It seems to me that the more you disturb yourself thinking about deadlines, the longer it's going to take you to get well, so relax and forget about it. National Comics will still manage to produce magazines. Of course, we will produce better ones when Toth is producing, but Toth won't produce until he relaxes, so relax.

If you run short of money, have your Mother give me a ring and I will shoot over a check.

Your assignment for the moment, however, is to get better and as quickly as you can. Everything else takes second place.

Sincerely,

Sheldon Mayer,
Editor
NATIONAL COMICS PUBLICATIONS, INC.

SM:mo

* I'm touched by Alec's devotion, and return his feelings wholeheartedly. But there's an amusing irony in his account of that incident that he's unaware of. When he says I "ripped his drawings into little pieces," I'm sure that's how he remembers it. And figuratively speaking, I did precisely what he says I did. But only figuratively . . . not actually.—S.M.

STRANGE SCHWARTZ STORIES REVISITED

Hi there, it's me again — your friendly neighborhood explanations editor! In case you haven't guessed, this issue I'm here to explain what happened to the Murray Boltinoff interview advertised for AWODCC #4. First of all, unless you're reading this issue with your eyes closed, you know that the aforementioned profile appears this time around — with two names in the byline.

When Allan Asherman initially interviewed Murray, he gathered quite a bit of information about the esteemed Mr. Boltinoff's early career, including his exploits during World War II. However, Allan got involved in numerous other duties and was unable to bring the story up to date. So we got our newest woodchuck, Jack Harris, who is Murray's assistant now, to sit with his mentor and fill in the gaps. The result is the interview you see here.

Next issue (Maybe I shouldn't say anything about it and I'll be better off!), Paul Levitz brings you an in-depth study of **his** mentor, Joe Orlando, as you'll find out what makes DC's Master of Mystery tick. Backing up the lead interview will be an assortment of art and articles relating to macabre mayhem, including never-before-published work by Nestor Redondo and Alex Toth.

Last issue, we asked you readers for a different kind of letter — the kind that would evoke discussion over a period of issues on topics relevant to DC and our various magazines. Though we have yet to receive any such missives — mostly because AWODCC #4 is not out yet — we do have a stack of mail on #3 from a variety of people whose names you are sure to recognize

Dear Guys:

Thank you so much for sending me the Julie Schwartz article! It's a fine job — and reminds me that in the 40's I once did a script for Julie when he was facing a deadline: My first and only venture into the (comics) field!

The only thing I could add to your comprehensive account is a personal comment: I think Julie is one of the nicest guys I've ever met in a field where such qualities aren't always properly appreciated or rewarded. His kindnesses to me, his patience, his encouragement—these are things I've never forgotten. So I'm doubly happy to see your tribute, and most grateful that you remembered me.

ROBERT BLOCH,
Los Angeles, Cal.

(Robert Bloch is a well-known fantasy author, perhaps best known for the book "Psycho!"— BR)

Gentlemen,

High time and past time for me to applaud your Nov.-Dec. issue honoring Julius Schwartz.

Julie was my agent lang syne and he was a good editor, a hard editor to write for, even then. Unlike most agents, he was a warm personal friend as well. He was so young back then, I wondered if he'd ever had a boyhood. We used to call him the Reverend Groucho Marx. A bunch of us would sit down Thursday afternoons in the old Steuben Cafe on 47th Street — Malcolm Jameson, Belknap Long, Otto Binder, Mort Weisinger, etc., sometimes John Campbell, sometimes Sprague de Camp and when they were in town. Julie's other clients like Jack Williamson, Edmond Hamilton, Eric Frank Russell and so on. We'd talk writing, swap lies, sometimes help each other along with a gimmick here and there.

Most of us went off to war at last, and Steuben's, with that German name, went out of existence. I passed the new management up yonder a couple of years ago. Went in and had a drink and a corned beef sandwich and they were good, but where was the merry party I remembered?

Whatever success Julie attained, and that's plenty, he earned it and can handle it. One thing worth stating, one thing everybody recognizes: Here is one of the true gentlemen of the age. He never had to work at being a gentleman, I reckon he was born one.

Julie, how good for you to get the flowers while you can still smell them, how good for you to hear words of praise instead of having them cut into a stone for you. Long years on you.

MANLY WADE WELLMAN,
Chapel Hill, N.C.

(Manly Wade Wellman is a well-known author of science fiction — BR)

Gentlemen:

It's great to see nearly an entire issue of AWODCC devoted to a man who was so instrumental during so many pivotal periods in comics history — not to mention a guy who gave **me** an indirect helping hand or two along the way, as well. I was fascinated to learn how integral a part Julie Schwartz had played in bringing about that July 4th of more than eighteen years ago when I stopped by a drugstore to pick up some fireworks and stumbled across a copy of **SHOWCASE** #4 *(The first appearance of the Earth-One* **FLASH!—BR**) All I can say is that Julie deserved all that coverage and more.

ROY THOMAS, New York, N.Y.

(Roy Thomas is Marvel's widely-acclaimed editor and author — as if you didn't already know! — BR)

Gang,

Just finished reading AWODCC #3. Enjoyed it. "Strange Schwartz Stories" particularly. With one exception.

My quote.

I read it, reread it. No matter how

I punctuate, pronounce or proclaim it, it comes out sounding the same: sarcastic. And that depresses the Hell out of me.

If you want, you can chalk it up to this overworked editor being pressed for a quote just as he's walking out the door. The aforementioned quote is the first thing off the top of a rapidly-wrinkling brow.

There's a lot I have to say about Julie Schwartz, but I could never say anything sarcastic about him.

Guy's article touches on many of the Big J's qualities, but he neglects one of the greatest: Julie Schwartz's ability to inspire **fear** in the hearts of budding young writers . . . like myself.

My first real meeting with the legendary Schwartz came in the old DC offices at 909 3rd Avenue. I'd been in the business a little over two years, writing mystery scripts for Joe Orlando, Dick Giordano, a little bit here, a little bit there, just barely making a buck. I was sitting across from Nelson Bridwell, trying to sell him a **LOIS LANE** script, when Julie walked in. (Nelson and Julie shared an office then.) "Carmine wants to see you," Julie told ENB. Nelson left the room. I sat uncomfortably in my seat, cringing before the withering gaze of the Great Presence.

"Whaddaya doing?" he asks me suddenly. Wanting to make a good first impression, I swiftly replied, "Huzzah?" "Good! You're writing a **FLASH** script," he tells me and drags me out of my seat.

At this point, permit me an aside. In the two years I'd been working for DC, I'd seen Julie only in passing. There was something terribly imposing about the man. I'd grown up on Julie's books. The letters page in JLA #8 had introduced me to comics fandom, which led to my producing a fanzine, which in turn led to my becoming a writer. Indirectly, I owed my career to this man. In two years, I had hardly said a word to him. He'd walk down the hall, jingling the change in his pocket, looking like he knew everything there was to know about producing comics (which he does) and I was scared spitless of him. Our conversations had been along the lines of "Whaddaya doing hanging around here? Why aren't you someplace writing? Why don't you get a haircut?" Now he wanted me to work for him. I nearly died.

"Sit," Schwartz commanded. I sat. He had, it seemed, become unenamoured with his current **FLASH** writer. He wanted someone, anyone else to do it. I was the first thing resembling a writer he spied.

For the next hour, he and I discussed the plot outline. I went home, typed it up, submitted it. He read it. We talked. I went home, typed it up, submitted it again. After the fourth session, he told me to go home and start on the script.

Heaven. Nirvana. I am writing for the Great One. It had to be a dream. Two rewrites later, my feelings hadn't changed. Julie Schwartz knows comic books. He knows what he wants. He knows how to get it. He knows how to make you look good doing it. The story was called "Death of an Immortal!" Julie's title, not mine. I didn't mind the change. It was the beginning of a long and happy relationship.

It took me several weeks to realize the Big J wasn't the omnipotent ogre he'd always seemed to me. Despite outward appearances, he did not eat young writers for lunch along with his ever-present bowl of bean soup. He cared. Deep down inside, he really cared. You could feel it. Julie Schwartz is a man without illusions, he hides behind no facade. An ogre? When I told him how much he'd scared me at first, how much he scared many people, he was astonished. In thirty years, he'd never realized just how awesome his presence was. That says a lot about the man.

Enough. I'm starting to run at the mouth (or the fingertips as the case may be). I didn't intend for this to become anymore than an abject apology. Juluis Schwartz needs no letters of praise. He knows what he's done. This letter was more for my sake than for his. Because Julie Schwartz is a man I owe more than I can ever repay. And because he is loved.

LEN WEIN, New York, N.Y.

(Len Wein is one of comicdom's best-known scripters and is currently editor-in-chief of Marvel's color comics line.—BR)

Woodchucks, junior or otherwise.

Needless to say, I add my own piles of accolades to Julie's ceiling-high stack. If there is ever a job "between the rocks and the hard place," it's that of a comics editor. He must balance the demands of a production-deadline schedule with the irrationalities of a pack of inevitably kinky artists and writers and keep both his employer and his employees satisfied, if not always happy.

Julie's got it down, man!

His greatest talent is how he expects, insists, DEMANDS on receiving one's best work without turning into an inhuman production machine. Julie's gifted with that inner understanding of what it takes to write or draw comics and so he's amazingly tolerant of the "downs" in one's work (yet without letting one slough off); it's just this talent that pushes one to produce the "ups".

Of course, I have my personal reasons for praising Julie and his work. It was his incredible assistance in educating (in the Latin sense of "drawing out") my meagre writing talents that started off my career. It never ceases to amaze me that he spent all the time he did, thru the mail, on the chance that this 17-year-old Californian would pan out into someone who would be able to produce for his professionally.

On another level, perhaps more importantly, Julie was instrumental in gently ushering me into the rugged world of Grown-Ups and Big Business, which was quite a change from the suburban milieu of Castro Valley. He's taught me a great deal on how to deal with creative personalities. We disagreed and fought our share of battles, but I believe the mutual respect was there and that is what is most important.

MIKE FRIEDRICH, Hayward, Calif

*(Mike Friedrich is a free-lance writer and is also editor/publisher of **STAR-REACH**, an independently produced comic magazine.—BR)* ●

DIRECT CURRENTS

Things haven't been quiet here for a minute since we finished writing the last **Direct Currents** section! As a matter of fact, we had some changes put through so quickly that all we had time for was a last minute notice in #4 about them, so we'd like to go into more detail now.

By the time you read this, **Stalker** #1 (June/July) should be on the stands, an unheralded new mag. **Stalker**'s a new venture into sword & sorcery from Joe Orlando's editorial department, created and written by Paul Levitz, and illustrated by Steve Ditko and Wally Wood. We're so excited by this dynamic new mag that we're going to bend our rules and show you the cover of #1, even though it's now on sale.

* * * * *

The other thing mentioned in the last minute notice was the demise of two mags: **Rima** and **Black Magic**. **Black Magic** was phased out because we are trying to pare our reprints to a minimum, and **Rima** simply had not achieved the sales success we'd hoped for. It's a pity, but some of the finest magazines simply cannot find an audience.

* * * * *

Continuing our program of bringing you new dollar edition projects, this summer will see the release of a collection of **Dick Tracy** adventures—featuring his battle with **Flattop** . . . plus special features on **Tracy** and his foes E Nelson Bridwell is hard at work on this collectors' classic.

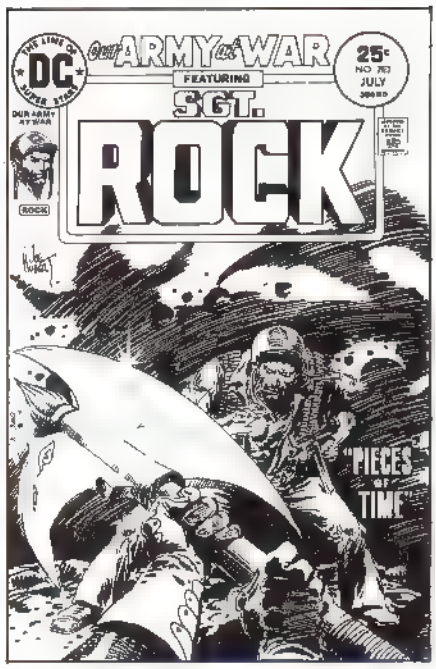
* * * * *

And there's another all-new dollar edition coming up for Christmas, as **Rudolph The Red-Nosed Reindeer** goes all-new. Shelly Mayer and Teny Hensen are already preparing their latest laugh-riot

Here's an item we're very pleased to see—**Jonah Hex** has finally turned **Weird Western Tales** into a successful magazine! As long-time fans know, **WWT** has been on the brink of cancellation twice, but now it's going monthly—with an annual giant issue! Michael Fleisher and Jorge Moliteneri will be collaborating on this mag regularly, and the giant issue (on sale this fall) will feature a Steve Skeates-Alfredo Alcala **El Diablo** story that's been in our files for some time.

* * * * *

Speaking of giant issues, this summer's **Swamp Thing** giant will feature a very special story—the battle between **Swamp Thing** and **Swamp Thing**! Remember the arm that was cut off **Swamp Thing** in #6? Well, it's grown a new body! This 25-page novel will be scripted by Gerry Conway, who is filling in to allow David Michelinie to get ahead on the regular issues. And the



giant will feature a reprint of the **ACBA** Award-Winning story "Dark Genesis"—the origin of the **Swamp Thing** by Len Wein and Berni Wrightson.

* * * * *

Adventure Comics is being changed around again, as the **Spectre** gets a furlough and **Aquaman** takes over as the new star. The Sea King's adventures will be produced by Paul Levitz and Jim Aparo, who illustrated **Aquaman's** own mag when he first came to **DC** eight years ago. **Spectre** fans can take heart in the fact that we have some **Spectre** scripts in the drawer for future use when you least expect them!

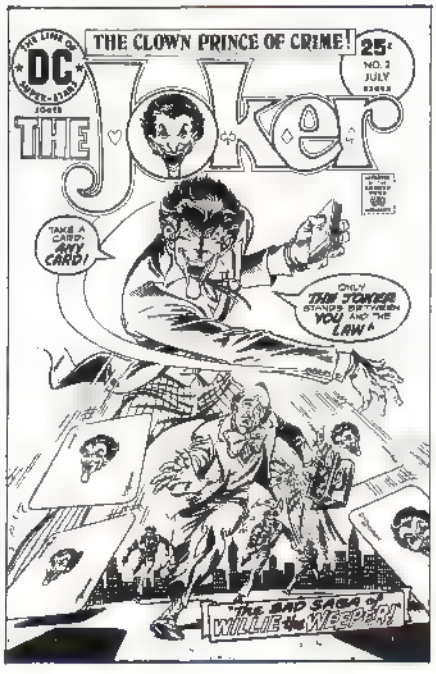
* * * * *

New projects are afoot, both for their own magazines and for our **First Issue Special** series. This issue's listings will give you the full details on two **First Issues**, **Lady Cop** and **Manhunter**, but we'd like to give you a sneak preview of two more.

Batgirl and **Robin** will be teaming up for a booklength blockbuster in **First Issue Special** #6, courtesy of Elliot Maggin and Mike Grell. And following that **The Creeper** will get another shot at the spotlight, with scripting by Michael Fleisher.

* * * * *

Joe Kubert's cooking up a very different new war mag, which looks at the battlefront from a new angle—with scripts by Bob Kanigher and art by Ric Estrada. We can't tell you the title yet, or the daringly different concept—but maybe next time


DC
THE CLOWN PRINCE OF CRIME!
THE Joker
TAKE A CARD! ANY CARD!
ONLY THE JOKER STANDS BETWEEN YOU AND THE LAW!
A "THE SAD SAGA OF WILLIE THE WEEPER!"

The artist and writer merry-go-round continues as:

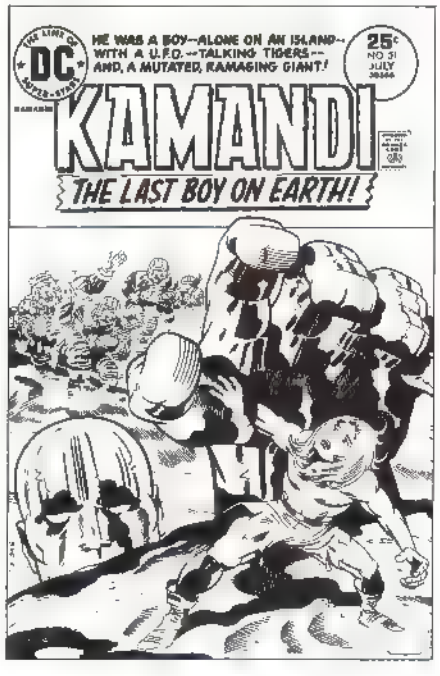
- Jack Kirby and Mike Royer take over the art chores on Denny O'Neil's **Justice, Inc.** series.
- Jim Starlin, one of ACBA's two 1973 Outstanding New Talents, pencils the second issue of **Richard Dragon, Kung Fu Fighter**, with assistance from Alan Weiss, and inks by Allen Milgrom.
- Michael Fleisher's **Batman** script is illustrated by Rich Buckler and Berni Wrightson, while Elliot Maggin's two **Batman** scripts are being worked on by the team of Ernie Chua and Garcia Lopez and ACBA's other 1973 Outstanding New Talent, Walt Simonson.
- Tex Blaisdell gives up editing **Weird Mystery Tales** and **Tales of Ghost Castle** in favor of doing more inking. (The magazines will go to Joe Orlando, our macabre master.)

DC
YOUR TRUE ENCOUNTERS WITH LOVE
YOUNG ROMANCE
GIRL HITCH-HIKER MISSING
Pickup Or Runaway? Police Puzzled
WOW! READ THE REAL STORY BEHIND THIS HEADLINE!
YOU PILED A HEAP OF TROUBLE ON US, BABE. NOW YOU'RE GOING TO GET WHAT YOU ASKED FOR!

- Gerry Conway scripts an issue of **Justice League.**
- Allen Milgrom tackles the art chores on a two-part **Robin** adventure for **Detective Comics**, during the course of which the teen wonder gets a new job, and a new girlfriend, courtesy of writer Bob Rozakis.
- Mike Uslan is preparing a multi-part **Batman** story for **Detective Comics.**

* * * * *

Wonder Woman's 12 labors are drawing to a close, and readers can look forward to guest shots by **The Atom**, **Hawkman**, and **Batman** before they end. Dick Giordano will be illustrating the **Atom** issue, which is his first try at the costumed **WW**. Fans will remember the outstanding art job he did on the Amazon Princess when she lost her powers and was a dynamic mortal heroine.

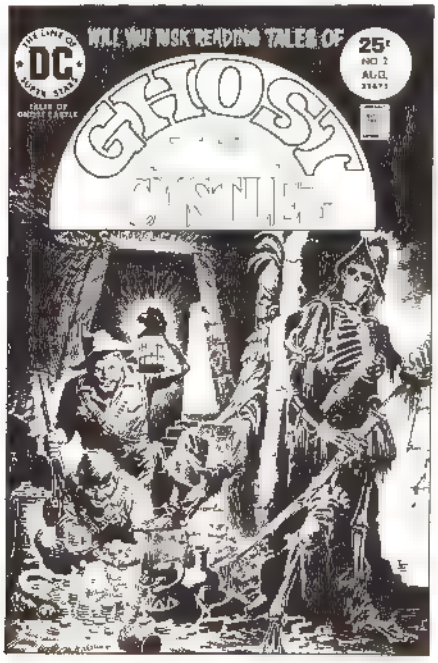


Brave & Bold has a surprising pair of issues coming up, as the mag turns to super-science for another visit with the **Metal Men**, and then to the supernatural for an issue co-starring the **Swamp Thing**. The **Batman-Swamp Thing** issue will be illustrated by Ernie Chua and Jim Aparo, compensating Jim for the increase in **B&B's** frequency this year.

* * * * *

Cary Bates and Elliot Maggin are collaborating on the script for this year's **Justice League-Justice Society** two-part teamup for #123 and 124. Cary will be breaking down the story, and Elliot dialoguing it. That's got to be the best of two worlds (ouch!)—but then there's an extra surprise: Cary and Elliot star in the story, too!

* * * * *



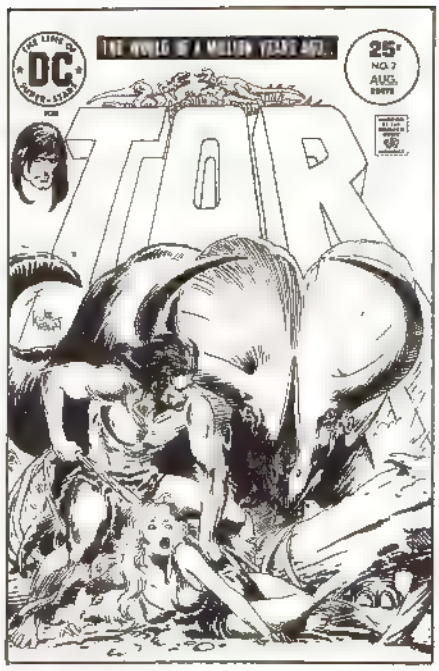
* * * * *

Weird War Tales #42 will feature another full-length novel, this time going back to the Civil War to star "The Dead Draftees of Regiment Six." Script by Michael Fleisher, script continuity by Russell Carley, and art by Garcia Lopez.

* * * * *

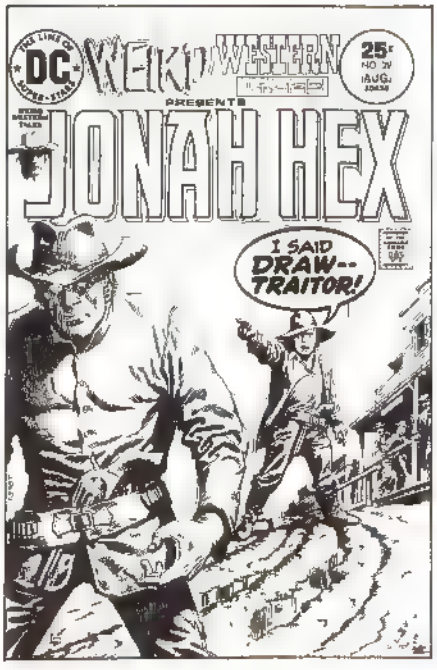
Deadman will be co-starring with **The Phantom Stranger** in issues #39-41—but in a surprising fashion. And then, in #42, the ghost of Boston Brand takes off in his own solo series, replacing **The Black Orchid**! More details next time.

Meanwhile, Fred Carrillo takes over the **PS** art chores from Gerry Talaoc, who is too tied up with the **Unknown Soldier**.



PERSONAL DEPARTMENT:
Jack Harris' lovely new wife, Kelly, has joined our Production Department—who says comics don't promote togetherness? • Theresa Chua gave birth to a bouncing baby boy, brush in hand, not long ago—Ernie's already using him as an assistant! • Mary Skrenes, who worked for our mystery and romance mags a few years ago, has returned to the fold with an **Elongated Man** script. • Lucille DiBella, the bookkeeper who keeps all our freelancers' checks coming (and our inventory records intact), will be leaving **DC** after fifteen years—she's decided to raise a family (we weren't going to let her go, but she promised her children would only read **DC** comics). •

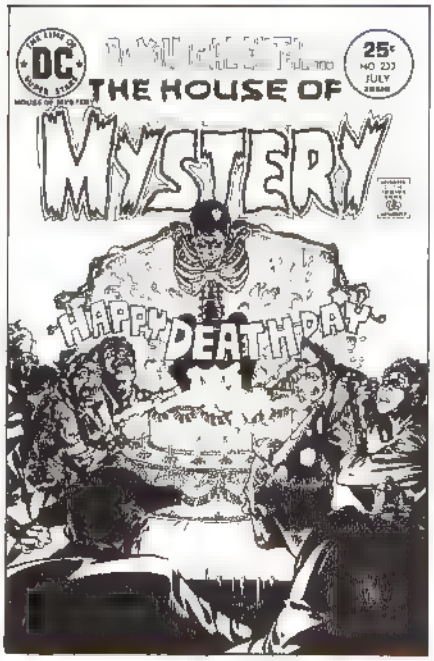
* * * * *



APRIL COMICS LISTING

( ) OUR ARMY AT WAR #282 (July). A special artistic look for the combat-happy joes of Easy Co. as Ric Estrada and Joe Kubert collaborate on illustrating Bob Kanigher's "Pieces of Time," a tale full of strange characters. Plus "I Am Old Glory" by Sam Glanzman. Cover by Kubert. (On sale the first week in April)

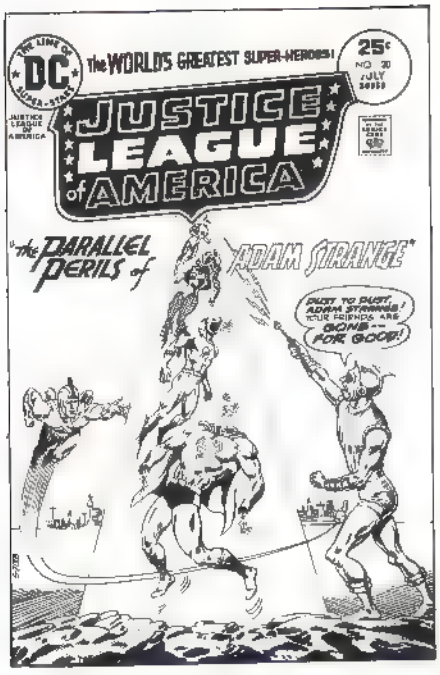
( ) YOUNG ROMANCE #206 (July/August). Watch out for the young lady who says "I'm The Girl You've Been Looking For!" Plus the story of "The Hitchhiker." (On sale the first week in April)



( ) THE JOKER #2 (July). The Clown Prince of Crime sets out to cure a man who breaks down and cries every time he commits a crime. And that's only the beginning of "The Sad Saga Of Willy The Weeper" by Denny O'Neil, Irv Novick, and introducing the inking skill of Garcia Lopez. Cover by Ernie Chua and Lopez. (On sale the first week in April)

( ) SWAMP THING #17 (July). Nathan Ellery always pays his debts—and he's back from the grave to repay the **Swamp Thing** with a vengeance! Not to mention the rather macabre menace of the deadly device known as "The Destiny Machine." Script by David Michelinie, art by Nestor Redondo. Cover by Redondo. (On sale the first week in April)

( ) KAMANDI #31 (July). As the title suggests, there's a giant running amok in the world of the last boy on Earth



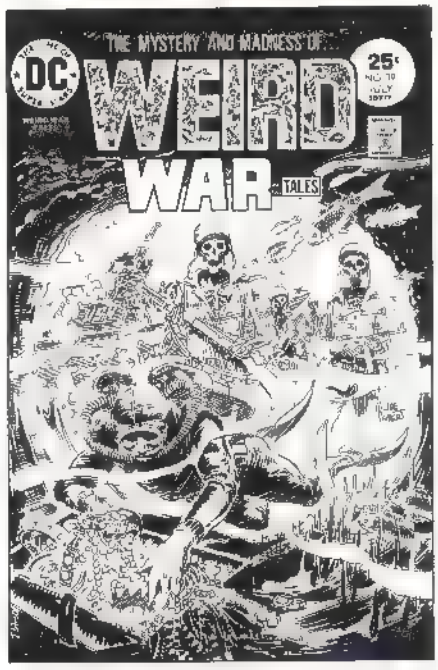
when he encounters "The Gulliver Effect" in the latest Jack Kirby classic (with inks by D. Bruce Berry). Cover by Kirby and Berry. (On sale the first week n April)

( ) TALES OF GHOST CASTLE #2 (July/August). Three thrillers told by **Lucien**, the librarian of the Ghost Castle: "Snake Eyes" (Bob Kanigher and E.R Cruz), "The Fate Of The Fortune Hunter" (Mal Warwick and Ruben Yandoc), and "The Inheritors" (Jack Oleck and Alex Nino). Cover by Luis Dominguez. (On sale the first week in April)

( ) TOR #2 (July/August). From the world of 1,000,000 B.C. the further adventures of **Tor** in the land of the dinosaurs. Script, art and cover by Joe Kubert. (On sale the first week in April)

( ) WEIRD WESTERN TALES #29 (July/August). Jonah Hex heads for Virginia for a showdown with the mysterious man with the cane—but through the miracle of flashback, you'll be treated to the long-awaited explanation of who the Cane Man is, why he hates **Jonah**, and the first glimpse ever shown of our hero's youth. For readers who have been demanding the origin of the weirdest western character ever created—this just might be it! Script by Michael Fleisher, art by Noly Panaligan. Cover by Luis Dominguez. (On sale the first week in April)

( ) HOUSE OF MYSTERY #233 (July). A special extra-long chiller filled with convention madness—and can you guess the secret of the incredible "Cake"? Script by Michael Fleisher, script continuity by Russell Carley, and art by Frank Robbins Plus the story of a man who found out that no matter



what you do, "It's Hell!" (John Albano and Ruben Sosa). Cover by Mike Kaluta. (On sale the second week in April)

( ) JUSTICE LEAGUE OF AMERICA #120 (July). Honorary **JLA** member **Adam Strange** returns, as half the **Justice League** is mysteriously transported to the planet Rann by the foe they share with **Adam**—Kanjar Ro! Beware "The Parallel Perils Of Adam Strange" by Cary Bates, Dick Dillin and Frank McLaughlin. Cover by Ernie Chua and Garcia Lopez. (On sale the second week in April)

( ) G.I. COMBAT #180 (July). Religion catches up with **The Haunted Tank** crew, as they meet a nun and "The Saints Go Riding On" in a battle blockbuster by Bob Kanigher and Sam Glanzman. Plus the story of a "Baptism Of Fire" by Carl Wessler and Frank Redondo. Cover by Joe Kubert. (On sale the second week in April)

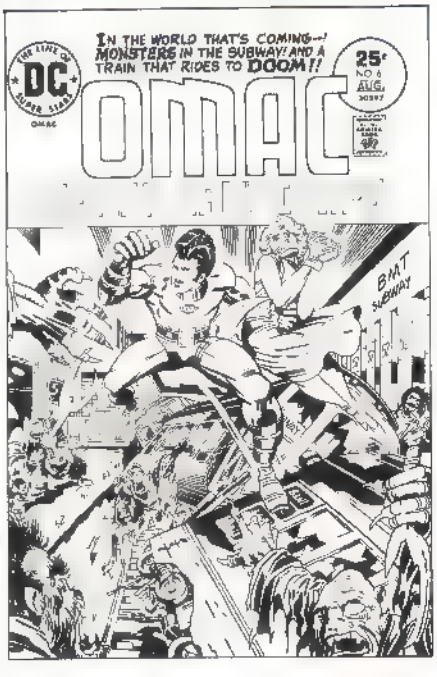
( ) KORAK, SON OF TARZAN #58 (July/August). An as-yet-undetermined tale by Bob Kanigher and Floresse, plus a short reprint from the **Tarzan** newspaper series starring **Korak**. Cover by Joe Kubert. (On sale the second week in April)

( ) WEIRD WAR TALES #39 (July). In this issue: "Kangaroo Court Martial" (George Kashdan and Bill Draut), "Spoils Of War" (Jack Oleck and Ruben Yandoc), and "Appointment With Doom" (Oleck, Paul Kirchner and Tex Blaisdell). Cover by Joe Kubert. (On sale the second week in April)

( ) OMAC #6 (July/August). The One Man Army Corps braves all dangers imaginable on a "Death Ride" by Jack Kirby and D Bruce Berry. And then there's Brother Eye! Cover by Kirby and Berry. (On sale the second week in April)

( ) BATMAN #265 (July). Three people have been murdered—and the world's greatest detective can't find their killer! No wonder Commissioner Gordon's ready to label his case-file, "Batman's Greatest Failure!" And get ready for a second shock, cause this issue's got a rather special creative team: script by Michael Fleisher, and art by Rich Buckler and Berni Wrightson! Cover by Buckler and Dick Giordano. (On sale the second week in April)

( ) WORLD'S FINEST COMICS #231 (July). The **World's Finest** team is imprisoned, and it's up to the **Super-Sons of Superman and Batman** to save the day! But not without a little help from their friends, as **Green Arrow, Flash** and **Aquaman** put in a very unusual guest appearance. Watch for "Hero Is A Dirty Name" by Bob Haney, Dick Dillin



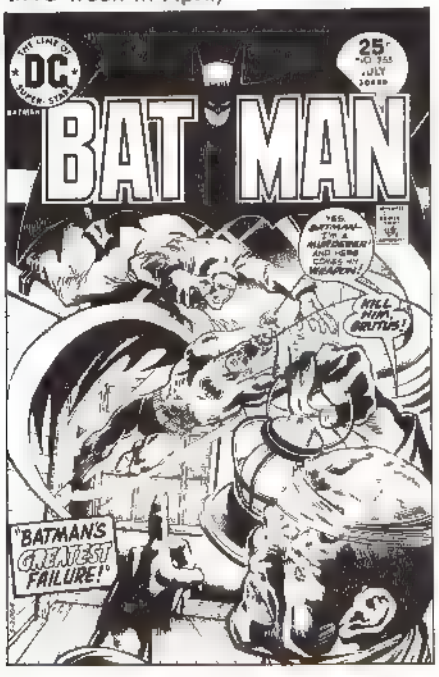
and Tex Blaisdell. Cover by Ernie Chua and Garcia Lopez. (On sale the third week in April)

( ) **PLOP! #14 (July). Cain, Abel** and **Eve** go to the library, for a selection of stories oriented to novel themes: "The Locked Door Of Harkness Manor" (a gothic humor story by Maxene Fabe and Dave Manak), "Tall Totem Pole Tale" (a western humor short by Sergio Aragones), "Wednesday's Child" (a knighthood chuckler by Marv Wolfman and Wally Wood), "Waning Moon" (a science fiction smiler short by Aragones), and Prison, Animal, and Prescription Plops by the usual people. Cover by Basil Wolverton, intros by Aragones. (On sale the third week in April)

( ) **THE WITCHING HOUR #56 (July).** Special mystery issue—even we don't know what chillers macabre maestro Murray Boltinoff has included. (On sale the third week in April)

( ) **OUR FIGHTING FORCES #157 (July).** Another incredible adventure of the military men who dare to defy their nickname curse—**The Losers!** Capt. Storm, Johnny Cloud, Gunner & Sarge are hot on the trail of "Panama Fattie" in this latest Jack Kirby-D. Bruce Berry bombshell. Cover by Kirby and Berry. (On sale the third week in April)

( ) **SUPERMAN #289 (July).** Remember the madcap adventures of inventor Professor Pepperwinkle? Well, he's back—and that sets the Man of Steel on the track of "The Phantom Horseman Of Metropolis!" Script by Cary Bates, art by Curt Swan and Bob Oksner. Then take another look at **The Private Life of Clark Kent**, as the guys bowl against the gals in "Right Down My Alley" by E. Nelson Bridwell, Curt Swan and Garcia Lopez. (On sale the third week in April)



( ) **JUSTICE, INC. #2 (July/August).** Beginning with this issue, the magic touch of Jack Kirby is being applied to the escapades of **The Avenger** and his team! Writer/editor Denny O'Neil adapts Kenneth Robeson's "The Sky Walker", as **The Avenger** battles the most dangerous man alive! Inks by Mike Royer, cover by Kirby and Royer. (On sale the third week in April)

( ) **STAR SPANGLED WAR STORIES #189 (July).** Beginning a new two-part adventure of **The Unknown Soldier** is the tale of "The Cadaver Gap Massacres" by David Michelinie and Gerry Talaoc. Plus an air-war feature about "Midway" by Archie Goodwin and Fred Carrillo. Cover by Joe Kubert. (On sale the third week in April)

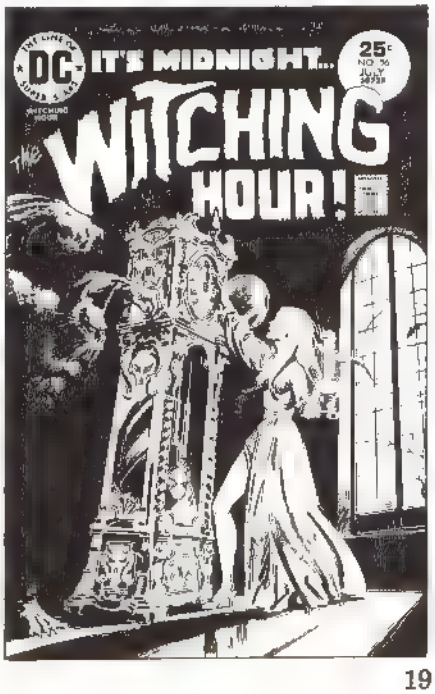
( ) **ACTION COMICS #449 (July).** 64 page Giant issue. **Superman** knows there's a spy at work in the Galaxy

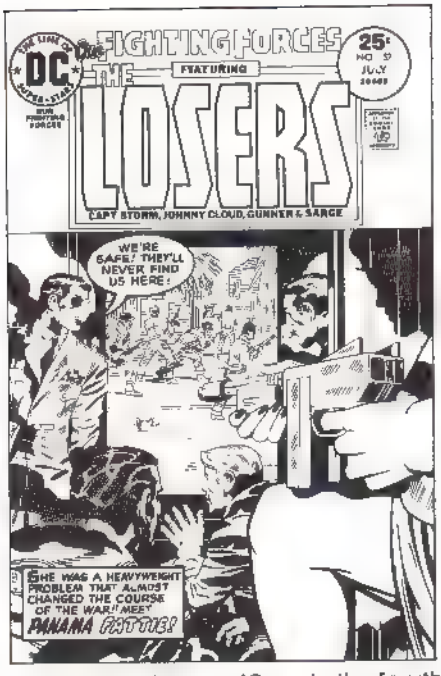
Communications building, and all the evidence points to Jimmy Olsen! Will this novel-length adventure really reveal that **Superman** must cry "My Best Friend—The Super-Spy"? Script by Elliot Maggin, art by Curt Swan and Bob Oksner. Plus classic tales of the two super-stars who rotate in the back of the regular-size issues of **Action Comics**: The World's Smallest Super-Hero becomes "The Atomic Flea" (Gardner Fox, Gil Kane and Sid Greene), and **Green Arrow** stars in a thriller illoed by Jack Kirby—"Mystery Of The Giant Arrows." (On sale the fourth week in April)

( ) **THE BRAVE AND THE BOLD #120 (July).** 64 page Giant issue **Batman** gets involved in one of his most bizarre **B&B** team-ups, as he joins forces with **Kamandi** in "This Earth Is Mine" by Bob Haney and Jim Aparo. And then **The Secret Six** begin their

most dangerous mission, as they must "Plunder The Pentagon" (Joe Gill and Frank Springer). Cover by Aparo. (On sale the fourth week in April)

( ) **GHOSTS #40 (July).** 64 page Giant issue. Four new fright fables, and a handful of classics from the early issues of the magazine devoted to true tales of the weird and supernatural included are: "Eyes From Another World"; "The Nightmare That Haunted The World" (art by John Calnan); "The Roaring Coffin" (art by Floresse); "The Ghost Who Died Twice" (art by Buddy Gernale); and classics: "Hands From The Grave"; "No Grave Can Hold Me" (art by Calnan and George Tuska), "Mission Supernatural" (art by Bob Brown),"Galleon Of Death" (art by Tony DeZuniga); and "The Screaming Skulls" (art by Jerry Grandinetti). Cover



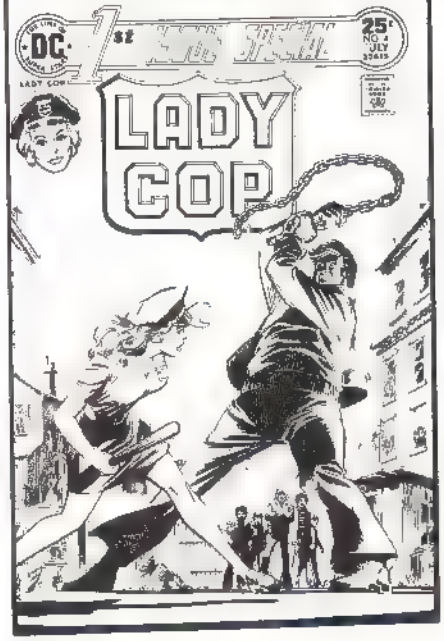

DC
FIGHTING FORCES
FEATURING
THE LOSERS
CAPT STORM, JOHNNY CLOUD, GUNNER & SARGE
25¢
WE'RE SAFE! THEY'LL NEVER FIND US HERE!
SHE WAS A HEAVYWEIGHT PROBLEM THAT ALMOST CHANGED THE COURSE OF THE WAR!! MEET
PANAMA PATTOOTIE!

by Luis Dominguez. (On sale the fourth week in April)

( ) **SHAZAM! #19 (July/August).** The burning question is "Who Stole Billy Batson's Thunder?" in this latest Elliot Maggin-Kurt Schaffenberger collaboration. And wait till you meet Zazzo! Plus: **Mary Marvel** uncovers "The Secret Of The Smiling Swordsman" in an E. Nelson Bridwell-Bob Oksner tale.

FIRST ISSUE SPECIAL #4 July

LADY COP blows the lid on the shocking story we didn't dare print for two years! An explosive expose of the meanest streets of the concrete jungle! By Bob Kanigher, art by John Rosenberger and Vince Colletta. Cover by Dick Giordano. (On sale fourth week of April).



Cover by Oksner. (On sale the fourth week in April)

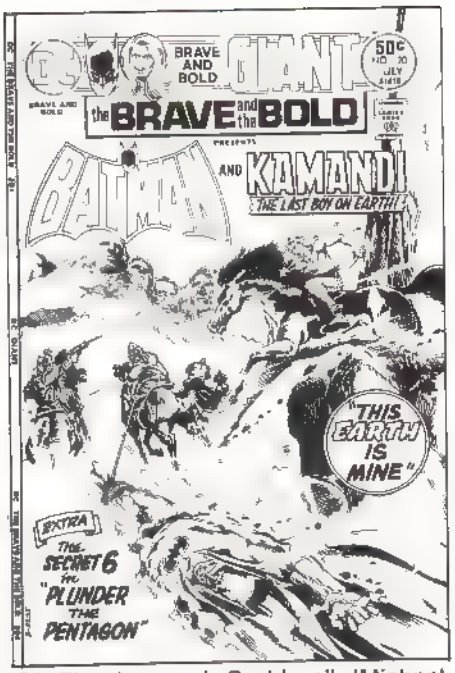
( ) **WEIRD MYSTERY TALES #20 (July).** Tex Blaisdell wraps up his role as editor with three fright fables: "The Friedman's Monster" (Mal Warwick and Ruben Yandoc), "The Viel Of Death" (Bob Kanigher and Teny Henson), and "Baker's Dozen" (Kanigher and Carrillo). Intro page by Paul Levitz and E.R. Cruz, cover by Ernie Chua. (On sale the fourth week in April)

( ) **CLAW THE UNCONQUERED #2 (July/August).** It begins with an attempt to murder **Claw**, to collect the bounty on his head! It winds its way through a tale of floating cities, gods that must be satiated, and a world quite unlike all others. And then it gets to "The Doom That Came To K'dasha-dheen!" Script by David Michilinie, art by Ernie Chua. Cover by Chua. (On sale the fourth week in April)

( ) **DETECTIVE COMICS #449 (July).** Writer Elliot Maggin makes his Bat-debut as the Darknight Detective sets out to trap "The Midnight Rustler Of Gotham City" (art by Ernie Chua and Garcia Lopez). Plus a new whimsical **Elongated Man** tale—"The Mystery Man Who Walked On Air" by Mary Skrenes and Dick Giordano. Cover by Chua and Lopez. (On sale the last week in April)

( ) **TARZAN #239 (July).** The "Drums Of Death" are pounding in the jungle—do they spell doom for the incredible Ape Man? Script and layouts by Joe Kubert, art by Franc Reyes. Cover by Kubert. (On sale the last week in April)

( ) **HOUSE OF SECRETS #133 (July).** There are mysteries in the jungle that no man should try and solve—but one comes back to haunt a hunter who invaded . . . no, read about it yourself—it all happens on "The Night



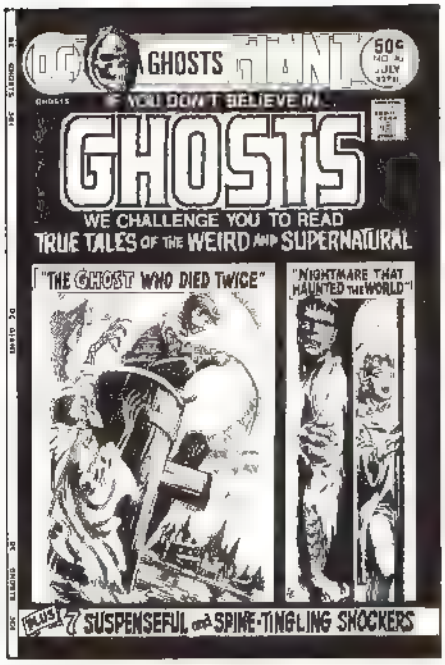
Of The Leopard Goddess" (Michael Fleisher, Russell Carley, and Ruben Yandoc). Plus the story of an artist who constantly found himself painting the "Portrait Of Death" (Jack Oleck, Ernie Chua and Bill Draut) Cover by Chua. (On sale the last week in April)

( ) **THE UNEXPECTED #166 (July).** Three shocking stories of suspense "The Evil Eyes Of Night" (Al Case and Ruben Yandoc), "The Point Of Death," and "Spirit, Why Do You Haunt Me?" (George Kashdan and Franc Reyes). Cover by Luis Dominguez. (On sale the last week in April)

( ) **ADVENTURE COMICS #440 (July/August).** It's "The Second Death Of The Spectre" in more ways than one—the story tells the tale of the day Jim Corrigan died again, and this is the last scheduled appearance of the **Spectre** in **Adventure Comics**. Script by Michael Fleisher, art by Jim Aparo. Plus the latest chapter of **The Seven Soldiers of Victory** novel: **The Crimson Avenger** in "Kings Make A Full House" by Joe Samachson and Mike Grell Next issue: **Aquaman** takes over. Cover by Aparo. This issue also introduces a new logo set-up for **Adventure**, so watch for it carefully! (On sale the last week in April)

MAY COMICS LISTING

( ) **OUR ARMY AT WAR #283 (August). Sgt. Rock** meets the men who wanted out of the war—"The Dropouts"—in a military masterwork which introduces the art of Doug Wildey to Easy Co. Script by Bob Kanigher, of course, who also con-


GHOSTS
50¢
IF YOU DON'T BELIEVE IN...
GHOSTS
WE CHALLENGE YOU TO READ
TRUE TALES OF THE WEIRD AND SUPERNATURAL
"THE GHOST WHO DIED TWICE"
"NIGHTMARE THAT HAUNTED THE WORLD"
PLUS! 7 SUSPENSEFUL and SPINE-TINGLING SHOCKERS

tributes a **Gallery of War** tale entitled "Bushida" (art by Ric Estrada). Cover by Joe Kubert. (On sale the first week in May)

( ) WONDER WOMAN #219 (August/September). The Elongated Man monitors the latest trial of the Amazon Princess, as she journeys to the "World Of Enslaved Women" in a Marty Pasko-Curt Swan-Vince Colletta story. Cover by Dick Giordano. (On sale the first week in May)

( ) YOUNG LOVE #117 (August/September). Tender tales of girls' romances calculated to cause secret heart throbs. (On sale the first week in May)

( ) JUSTICE LEAGUE OF AMERICA #121 (August). The **Adam Strange** two-parter wraps up when the hero of two worlds becomes the "Hero Who Jinxed The Justice League." Script by Cary Bates, art by Dick Dillin and Frank McLaughlin. Cover by Ernie Chua. (On sale the first week in May)

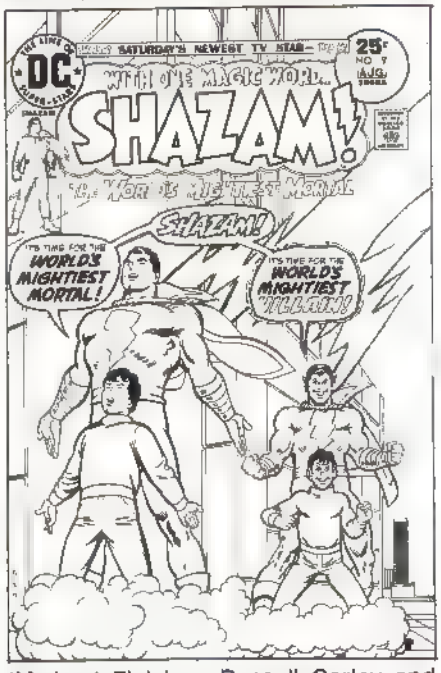
( ) STALKER #2 (August/September). The man with the stolen soul takes the first step on his quest for humanity—a journey that takes him to a sacrificial altar, and a "Darkling Death At World's End Sea." Script by Paul Levitz, art by Steve Ditko and Wally Wood. Cover by Ditko and Wood. (On sale the second week in May)

( ) THE SHADOW #12 (August/September). An entire town is possessed—on "The Night Of The Damned" (Denny O'Neil and E.R. Cruz). (On sale the second week in May)

( ) SECRETS OF HAUNTED HOUSE #3 (August/September). Intro material by Steve Skeates and Nestor Redondo, plus two tales of terror: "Pathway To Purgatory" by Jack Oleck and Ruben Yandoc, and "the Swinger" by Maxene Fabe and Ramona Fradon. Cover by Ernie Chua. (On sale the second week in May)

( ) GHOSTS #41 (August). Three true tales of the weird and supernatural: "Ship Of Specters" (art by Frank Redondo), "The Ghost Beast That Stalked The Night" (art by Fred Carrillo), and "The Phantom Double Of Shaft 12B." Cover by Luis Dominguez. (On sale the second week in May)

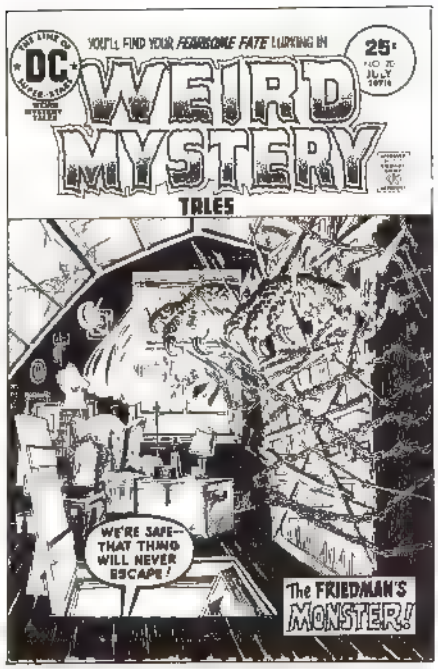
( ) PHANTOM STRANGER #38 (August/September). Nathan Seine returns with the power to black out the sun, and four elemental creatures. And only **The Phantom Stranger** can stop "The Curse Of The Stalking Skull" (Paul Levitz and Fred Carrillo). Plus part one of a four part **Black Orchid** serial—"The Secret Of The Black Orchid"



(Michael Fleisher, Russell Carley and Fred Carrillo). Cover by Jim Aparo. (On sale the second week in May)

( ) SUPERBOY AND THE LEGION OF SUPER-HEROES #210 (August). A warrior from World War VI comes back to life to fullfil his final mission—destroy the city of Metropolis! And the **Legionnaires** have to fight "Soljer's Private War" in this Jim Shooter-Mike Grell tale. Special bonus: "The Untold Origin Of Karate Kid" (Shooter and Grell) Cover by Grell. (On sale the second week in May)

( ) LIMITED COLLECTORS' EDITION #C-37—BATMAN (August/September). A rogue's gallery of the Gotham Guardian's most infamous foes—"The Scarecrow"; The Joker in "The Cross-Country Crimes"; The Penguin in "The Blackbird Of Banditry"; Catwoman and "The Lady

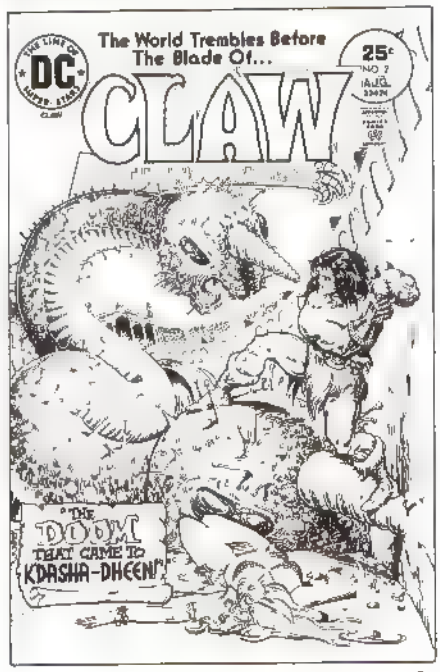

YOU'LL FIND YOUR FEARSOME FATE LURKING IN
25¢
WEIRD MYSTERY TALES
WE'RE SAFE—THAT THING WILL NEVER ESCAPE!
The FRIEDMAN'S MONSTER!

Rogues"; and a Two-Face story taken from the **Batman** Sunday Newspaper strip. Plus special features, and a cover by Jim Aparo. (On sale the second week in May)

( ) FAMOUS FIRST EDITION# F-8—FLASH #1 (August/September). Featuring the origin stories of **The Flash** (Gardner Fox and E.E. Hibbard), **Hawkman** (Sheldon Moldoff), **Johnny Thunder**, and others. (On sale the second week in May)

( ) OUR FIGHTING FORCES #158 (August). The Losers in a new Kirby battle blockbuster! (On sale the third week in May)

( ) HOUSE OF MYSTERY #234 (August). Take a cunning con man, a runaway crazy lady, add a rich old man who dabbles in sorcery, and get "The Bewitchment Of Jeremiah Haskins" by

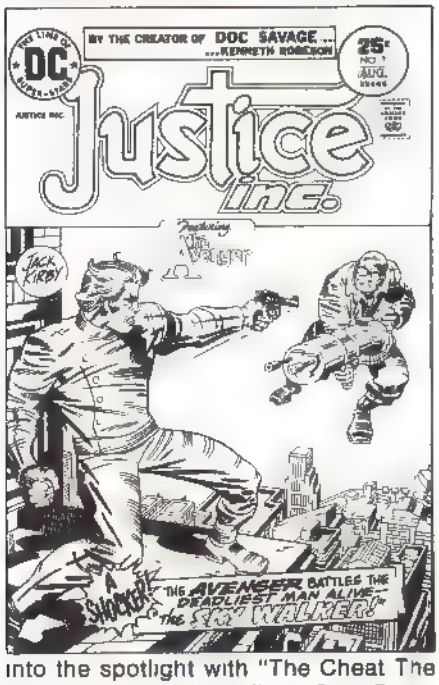


Michael Fleisher, Russell Carley and Jess Jodloman. Plus "Lafferty's Luck" —the first pencil job by Allen Milgrom (script by Jack Oleck). (On sale the third week in May)

( ) BEOWULF #3 (August/ September). Our dragon Slayer begins his quest and meets up with the Black Viper and Little Omen in "Man-Apes and Magic!" Script by Michael Uslan, art and cover by Ricardo Villamonte. (On sale the third week in May)

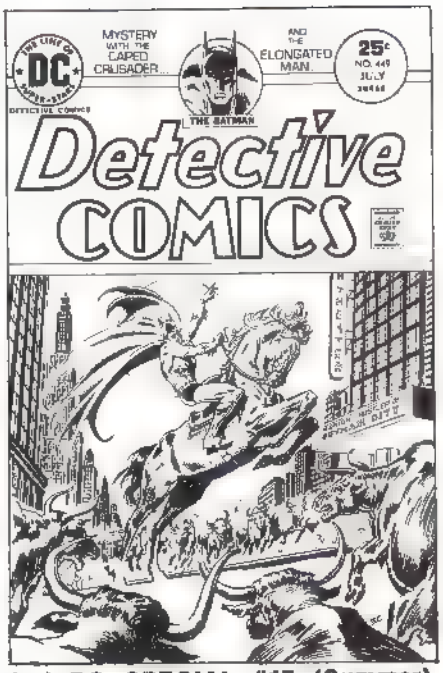
( ) KAMANDI #32 (August). 64 page Giant issue. **Kamandi** faces a macabre monster from a flying saucer! Meet "Me" in a special 23-page tale. Plus the first adventure of "The Last Boy On Earth" (Jack Kirby and Mike Royer). Cover by Kirby and Berry. (On sale the third week in May)

( ) THE SUPERMAN FAMILY #172 (August/September). Lois Lane steps



into the spotlight with "The Cheat The Whole World Cheered" by Cary Bates and Kurt Schaffenberger. Plus: **Jimmy Olsen** in "Love Me, Love My Beast" (Bill Finger, Curt Swan and George Klein), and **Supergirl** in "The Kiss Of Death" (Otto Binder and Kurt Schaffenberger) Cover by Schaffenberger. (On sale the third week in May)

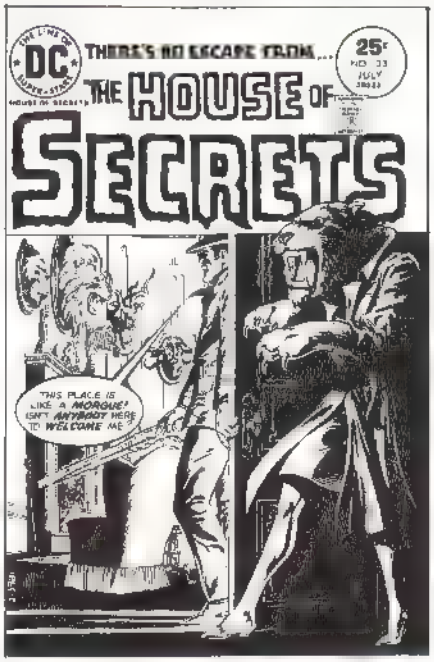
( ) HOUSE OF SECRETS #134 (August). 64 page Giant issue. New chillers include: "The Harder They Fall" (Carl Wessler and Ernie Chua), "Inheritance Of Blood" (Coram Nobis and Nestor Redondo) and a poster by Berni Wrightson. Classics include the two-part origin of the House of Secrets: "Don't Move It" (Jerry Grandinetti and Mike Friedrich) and "House Of Secrets" (Gerry Conway, Grandinetti and Bill Draut), "Eyesore" (Conway and Draut), and "Double Or Nothing" (Marv Wolfman and Sid Greene). Cover by Ernie Chua. (On sale the third week in May)



( ) DC SPECIAL #17 (Summer). Green Lantern stars in his first 64 page Giant collection of stories ever. Meet **Tomar-Re**, the Alien **GL**, in "The World Of Living Phantoms" (John Broome, Gil Kane and Joe Giella), then learn "The Secret Of The Golden Thunderbolts" (Broome, Kane and Giella), and enter the "World Within The Power Ring" (Gardner Fox, Kane and Giella). Cover by Mike Grell. (On sale the third week in May)

( ) BATMAN #266 (August). Taking a break from his routine of battling super-villains from his rogue's gallery, **Batman** takes on a super-villainess in the "Curious Case of the Catwoman's Coincidences" (Denny O'Neil, Irv Novick and Dick Giordano). (On sale the third week in May)

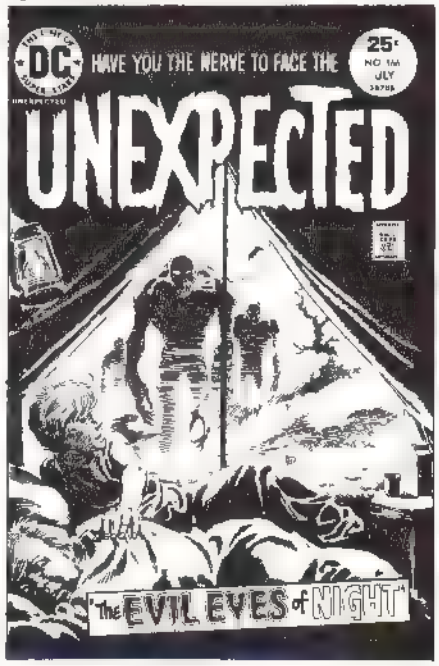
( ) G.I. COMBAT #181 (August). The Haunted Tank becomes "The Kid-



napped Tank" when Jeb and the crew set out to rescue **Sgt. Rock**, and the tank gets stolen by Germans. Script by Bob Kanigher, art by Sam Glanzman. Plus "A Canteen Full Of Hate" by Kanigher and Ric Estrada. Cover by Joe Kubert. (On sale the fourth week in May)

( ) WEIRD WAR TALES #40 (August). Four military mysteries: "Back From The Dead" (Jack Oleck and Fred Carrillo), "Warrior Breed" (Oleck and Buddy Gernale), "Soldier From Space" (George Kashdan and Ric Estrada), and "The Day After Doomsday" (Len Wein, Howie Chaykin and Bill Draut) Cover by Ernie Chua. (On sale the fourth week in May)

( ) PLOP #15 (August). Kids and Animals issue—with intros by Sergio Aragones and Steve Skeates, "All Wet" by Skeates and Lee Marrs, "Damian's



Aunt" by John Albano and Bill Draut, and a pack of **Plop pluses**! Cover by Wally Wood. (On sale the fourth week in May)

( ) WEIRD MYSTERY TALES #21 (August). Now edited by Joe Orlando, this issue includes an intro by Paul Levitz and E.R. Cruz, "Deadly Stalkers Of The North" by Steve Skeates and Ricardo Villamonte, "Dead Man's Gold" by Jack Oleck and Alex Nino, and "One Man's Poison" by Mal Warwick and E.R. Cruz. Cover by Berni Wrightson. (On sale the fourth week in May)

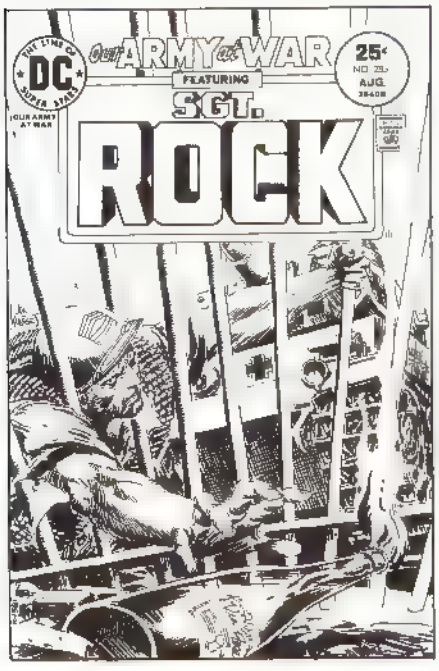
( ) THE WITCHING HOUR #57 (August). A collection of witcherly wonder, that we don't know any details about. (On sale the fourth week in May)

( ) SUPERMAN #290 (August). A streetcleaner overhears an incredible plot to kill the Man of Steel, and becomes "The Man Who Cried Super-

Wolf," as Jim Shooter returns as a **Superman** scripter, with art by Curt Swan and Tex Blaisdell. Plus a new story of Mr. Mxyzptlk—"Babble, Babble, Toil and Trouble" by Elliot Maggin and Curt Swan. (On sale the fourth week in May)

( ) STAR SPANGLED WAR TALES #190 (August). The Unknown Soldier learns the secret of "Project: Omega" in the conclusion of this two-part tale by David Michelinie and Gerry Talaoc. Plus: "Who Will Mourn For Corporal Krueger?" by Jack Oleck and Ruben Yandoc. Cover by Joe Kubert. (On sale the fourth week in May)

( ) 1ST ISSUE SPECIAL #5 (August). MANHUNTER—a new hero—a new origin—a new shocker! From the genius of Jack Kirby, with inks by D.



Bruce Berry. Cover by Kirby and Berry. (On sale the fourth week in May)

( ) KONG THE UNTAMED #2 (August/September). Kong and Gurat invade "The Caves Of Doom" in this latest Jack Oleck-Alfredo Alcala cave comic. Cover by Berni Wrightson. (On sale the last week in May)

( ) TARZAN #240 (August). More adventures of Edgar Rice Burroughs' Ape Man. Cover by Joe Kubert. (On sale the last week in May)

( ) THE FLASH #235 (August). Team-up time, as **Green Lantern** joins forces with the fastest man alive to track down the immortal villain who's kidnapped Iris Allen and Carol Ferris! It's "Vandal Savage: Wanted Dead AND

Alive" by Cary Bates, Irv Novick and Tex Blaisdell. (On sale the last week in May)

( ) KUNG FU FIGHTER #3 (August/September). Your guess is as good as ours, since as we write this #2 is just about to be inked. (On sale the last week in May)

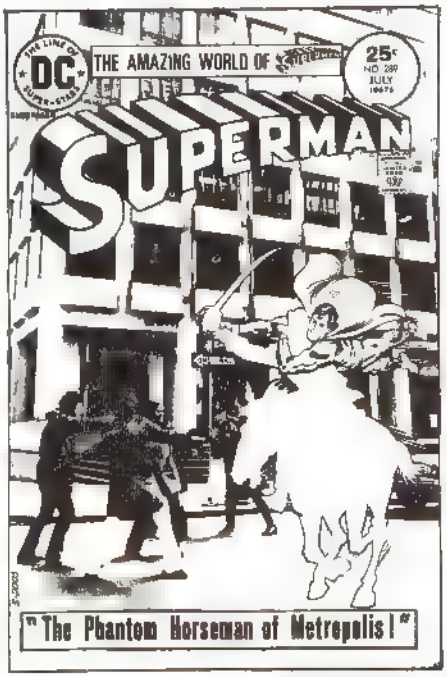
( ) ACTION COMICS #450 (August). Superman is in Las Vegas with Johnny Nevada, and it's time for "The Laugh Heard 'Round The World" (Cary Bates and Curt Swan). **Green Arrow** and **Black Canary** begin a new story with "A Gremlin In The Works" (Elliot Maggin and Mike Grell) (On sale the last week in May)

( ) SANDMAN #4 (August/September). There's a "Panic In The Dream Stream" as Jack Kirby takes over as the **Sandman's** new penciller.

Script by Michael Fleisher, inks by Mike Royer. Cover by Kirby and Royer. (On sale the last week in May)

( ) THE UNEXPECTED #167 (August). It sure will be! (On sale the last week in May)

( ) DETECTIVE COMICS #450 (August). Shades of the Mad Hatter—a man's hunting **Batman's** cowl, so he sets "The Cape-And-Cowl Deathtrap" to get it! Script by Elliot Maggin, art by Walt Simonson. And **Robin** goes in a new direction—chasing "The Parking Lot Bandit" (Bob Rozakis, and Allen Milgrom). (On sale the last week in May)●

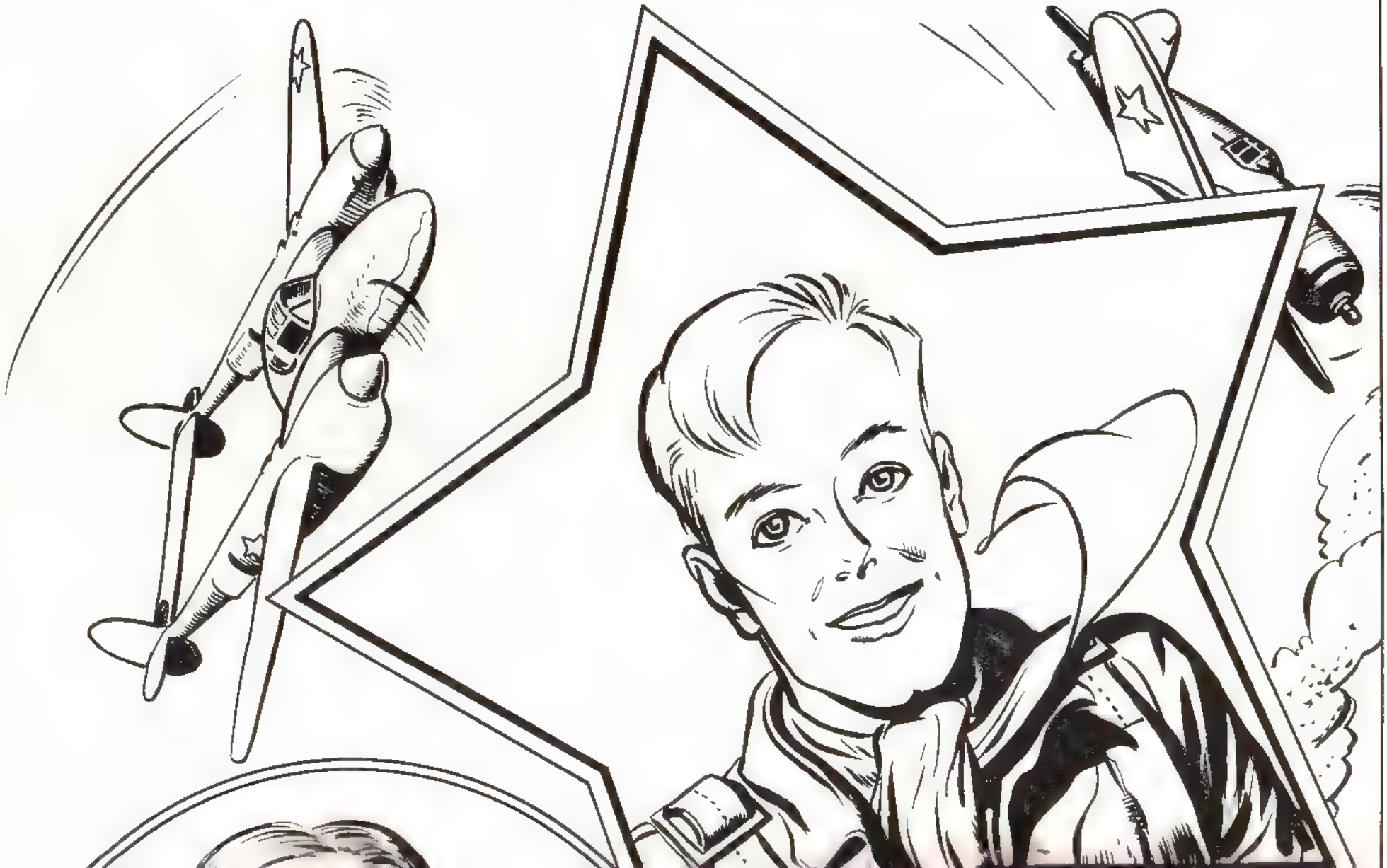


JON L. BLUMMER

HOP HARRIGAN

REG U S PAT OFF

AMERICA'S ACE OF THE AIRWAYS!



MURRAY BOLTINOFF:

PROFILE OF A PROFESSIONAL

BY ALLAN ASHERMAN AND JACK C. HARRIS

The comic book is a multi-media art form. Like a newspaper article, it must immediately capture the attention of the reader. Like a novel, it must tell a story and like the cinema, it must entertain from an illustrative point of view. The ideal comic book editor should be experienced in all these facets of story-telling.

Add to these filled requirements a unique sense of knowing what is successful in comics and you have the reasons that make Murray Boltinoff a consistent success at DC.

Like a great many of the people in the comic book industry, Murray Boltinoff is a motion picture fan. As a youngster, he worked as one of the many production assistants on the sets of the old Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer studios on 127th Street in Manhattan. Later, he was employed as an usher, and still later, in the public relations department of the Capitol Theatre, one of New York City's largest, and a subsidiary of M.G.M. Murray's affiliation with the film industry was to have an effect on him for the rest of his life.

In his college days, Murray worked his way through the New York University School of Journalism, attending night classes. During the day, he was on the staff of a New York City newspaper. It was quite a unique experience, working by day alongside the very people who were teaching him at night.

In the early 1940's, Murray began writing scripts for Burt Whitman's **SHADOW** and **GREEN HORNET** books, but this phase of his career only lasted a short time. Murray's brother, cartoonist Henry Boltinoff had been working for editor Whitney Ellsworth of DC, who invited Murray to join his editorial staff after purchasing a number of scripts. Dissatisfied with his job as a rewrite man on the city desk of a New York City tabloid, Murray's base of operations transferred to National Comics at 480 Lexington Avenue. Murray began to settle down to the creative routine of work at DC, but the world had other ideas.

On the third floor of 480 Lexington was a complex of rooms into which men went and emerged with different careers, different clothing and completely reworked life-styles; Some super-employment agency? No: Just the offices of . . . the DRAFT! In November, 1942, Murray Boltinoff was inducted into the U.S. Armed Forces!

Murray had kept alive his affiliation with the film industry and, prior to his induction, he worked with another writer and sold an original yet unpublished novel to Paramount Pictures. It was filmed under the title *"Buy Me That Town,"* and starred Lloyd Nolan. It is still featured on many late night TV movie shows. He subsequently sold *"Most Likely To Love"*, an original screen treatment, to Columbia Pictures. Columbia offered him a seven-year contract, with options. All he had to do was to come to California and sign the papers. Murray turned it down. Since he was about to go on active duty, he wanted to spend as much time as possible in the east near his family.

Murray's military career was a varied one that transported him to Texas, Washington, London and Paris. The army seemed able to recognize Murray's writing talent and he used that talent throughout his three and a half years in the service.

Assigned to the 407th Regiment in Camp Maxey in Paris, Texas, Murray founded the regimental newspaper, *"The Marksman"*. After field maneuvers, he was transferred to Camp Swift in Austin, Texas. From there, Murray was transferred to Army Ground Force Headquarters in Washington, D.C., specifically to the Office of Technical Information. As a Tech/Sgt., he was the non-commissioned officer Infantry Expert and it was his job to take all the infantry information that came through the office and translate it into useful training data. Once a week he had to go to Walter Reed Hospital to interview the returned wounded and reconstruct their grisly experiences into training information. It was a grim job. However, it was while in Washington that he met Anne, the girl who was later to become his wife.

At the OTI, he was being geared to join the OSS (Office of Strategic Services) when veterans wounded in Africa were being returned stateside. Murray was replaced by a Purple Heart hero and ordered back "to troops in the field," specifically Ft. Sam Houston, in San Antonio, where he served as noncom in charge of the G-2, later the G-3, sections.

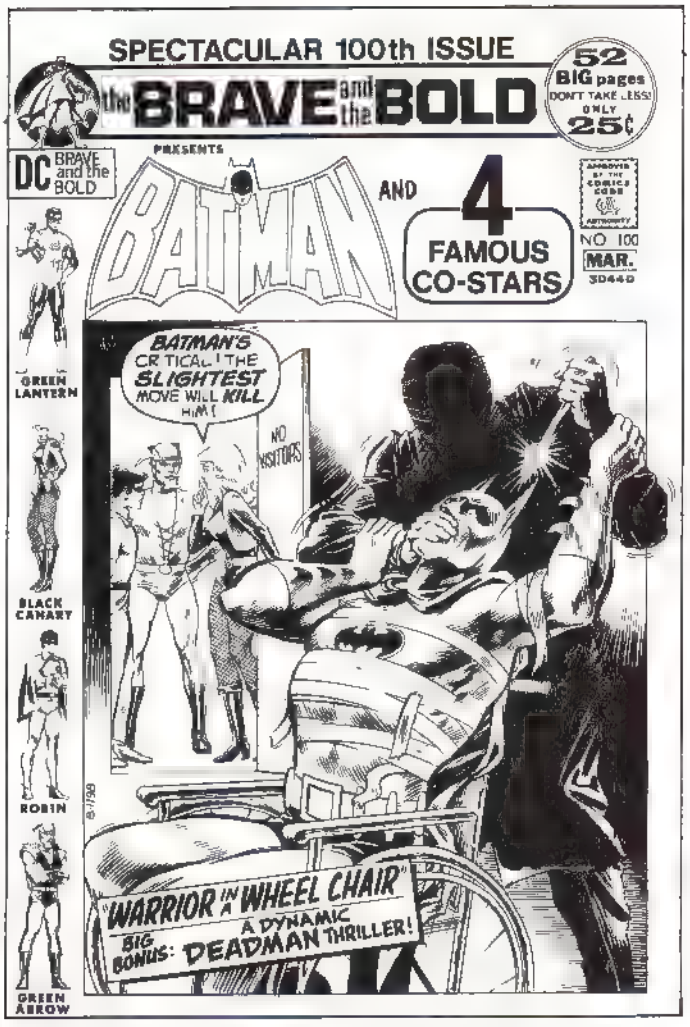
Then he was wisked back to Washington to prepare for overseas assignment. Since the war was in full swing, all troop movements were classified information, even to soldiers en route. As Murray was receiving his shots, he asked the doctor where he was going. A good officer, the doctor told the sergeant that he couldn't reveal such classified information. Murray simply checked the shots pumped into him and determined that they were not the types for the Pacific Theater of Operations. Therefore, Europe lay ahead.

Editor Murray Boltinoff confers with artist Mike Grell on the latest LEGION OF SUPER-HEROES epic.

Murray was given sealed orders and boarded a plane. The plane stopped briefly at La Guardia and Murray spied a phone booth. He was close enough to home to call his family and let them know where he was headed. Of course, to do so would break the secrecy rule laid down by the military, so Murray refrained from calling. However, an OSS officer was in contact with a fellow agent in Scotland, who flashed him news of the plane's arrival in Scotland. His pal phoned Murray's folks, assuring them of his safe arrival.

After a train ride, Murray reached London when the blackout was at its height and the V-1 and V-2 bombs flew the city at any time, hammering it. The British people rose to the challenge, adapting to a way of life which included the turning off of all lights at a moment's notice. At the time Murray entered London, such a blackout was in effect.

In addition to the blackout, the London fog was foggier than ever. The resulting effect, plus the fact that Murray had never been in London before, made it impossible to get around. He finally found the military headquarters at Grosvenor Square and made the rounds. He would knock on the door of each office, give a snappy salute and hand in his orders. Each officer told him that he did not belong to any outfit that he knew about. After a day of running around, Murray realized that he was not far from the London offices of United Press. There he

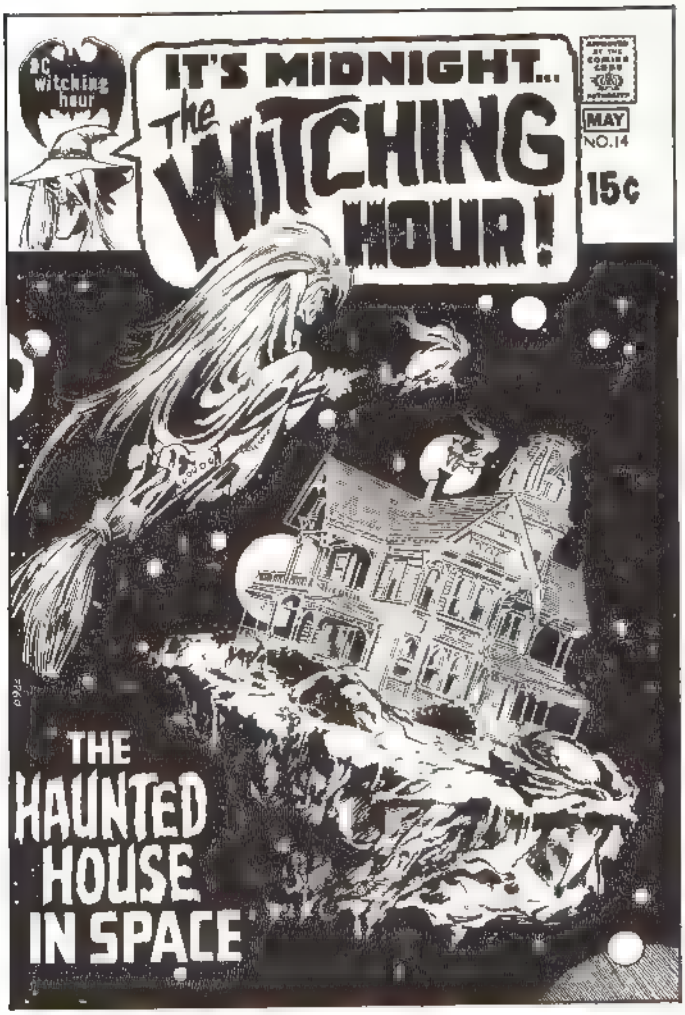


contacted his fellow journalist Bob Musel who enabled him to find out where he belonged. Ironically, and in true Army snafu fashion, he was to report to the very first officer that he had seen the day before. And, of course, when he reached Paris, France, his final duty station, the officer in charge wanted to know what took him so long.

For Murray, being in Europe during wartime was quite a disturbing experience. Just fifteen hours previously he had been safe on the shores of the United States. Now, he could see rusted German tanks, bearing the Iron Cross, tipped over on their sides, littering the countryside. In the distance he could hear the thunder of artillery. His army years helped him achieve a familiarity with battlefield tactics and terminology that were to serve him well, even after World War II was over.

Probably the single most harrowing experience of his entire military career was suffered through by Murray during the long trip home. Aboard a troop-ship, Murray spent 11 days, stricken with that bane of sailing men, sea-sickness!

In 1946, Murray was back home in America . . . and back home at National Comics. Working with Jack Schiff and Mort Weisinger, he co-edited many titles and many scripts. Though both the others are now retired, Murray continues to work at DC and occasionally does a free-lance article or novel. His work has appeared in the trade magazine **Steelways** as well as in various adventure magazines.



Interviews conducted by Murray have appeared in **Cue** magazine. His novel, *"Witch On Wheels"*, has been published in hard-cover and six paperback editions. And he's written another movie script that a major studio has expressed considerable interest in.

Currently, Murray edits eight comics at National, all of which are among the best-selling of the DC line. He originated **GHOSTS** with the late Leo Dorfman and reworked **UNEXPECTED** into a format that made it one of the most successful comic books produced today. Murray knew that people have always enjoyed being surprised. Film director Alfred Hitchcock's scary stories topped with fantastic, unexpected twist endings, and the mystery writer Agatha Christie's works have influenced Murray onto combining great plots with twist endings to make **UNEXPECTED** a consistently intriguing book.

In **GHOSTS**, terror takes over as incidents **based on true accounts** take the reader by surprise. Often told in a semi-documentary fashion, victims of ghastly murders rise from the dead to wreak vengeance upon their murderers. The ghosts of men and women return to haunt their former lovers. A ghost shows up in time to prevent someone from becoming a murder victim.

In **THE WITCHING HOUR,** tales of horror are presented by the three narrators, the bewitching **Cynthia** and the ghastly **Mordred** and **Mildred.** Hallowe'en is here throughout the year.

Murray views his three mystery books as separate entities. He feels that stories written for his mystery books should not be interchangeable among the three titles. **UNEXPECTED** must always feature a story with that special little "twist" to catch the reader completely offguard. **GHOSTS** stories must have that rhythm that give the narrative that eerie authenticity of a true account. Shock and horror are the by-words for **THE WITCHING HOUR** and the writers must be careful that the correct witch narrates their story. Editor Boltinoff demands it!

The adventures of **Superman** when he was a Boy owe their existence to Murray Boltinoff and Mort Weisinger, but it was Murray who first set the regular guide-lines for the **Boy of Steel's** own book.

The very first **Superboy** stories presented him as very young, going through adventures that were anything but earthshaking. Under Murray's careful coaching, young Clark Kent began to grow older and experience situations worthy of his superior-powers. The **Boy of Steel's** career culminated in his joining that stalwart group of futuristic crime-fighters, **The Legion of Super-Heroes.**

The **Legion** is currently the feature in each issue of **SUPERBOY.** Written by Cary Bates and Jim Shooter and drawn by the sensational new artistic innovator, Mike Grell, the **Legion's** adventures are some-of DC's most exciting and successful endeavors. Murray keeps a small bin for the letters he receives

on each of his books. For the **Legion** he keeps **two** bins and is fast contemplating a third. The book receives the most mail of any single DC title.

The top two DC Super-Stars, **Superman** and **Batman** also come into his able hands. In **WORLD'S FINEST,** Murray and Bob Haney have created an entirely new aspect of the two super-heroes. With the creation of the two **Super-Sons, Superman, Jr.** and **Batman, Jr.,** readers are seeing their two favorite heroes in a new light. Now, not only are they world-saving heroes, but also fathers who are trying to show their sons the good and right ways of the world. It's a different and exciting direction that the fans greeted with instant success. Murray views **WORLD'S FINEST** as pure, straight-out adventure, while **BRAVE AND THE BOLD** strives to maintain the mysterious quality that **Batman** has built over the years. In each issue the Batman is teamed up with a different DC hero. His variety of partners is determined during a conference between publisher Carmine Infantino, Murray, and Bob Haney. They discuss which hero is selling well, which **BRAVE AND THE BOLD** team-ups have been successful in the past and what the readers have written in and asked for. The final decision is made from a combination of these three factors. As soon as the **Caped Crusader's** latest partner is decided upon, scripter Bob Haney is given the go-ahead to create one of his masterful **BRAVE AND THE BOLD** scripts. From Bob, the latest **B & B** epic receives its visual interpretation from artist Jim Aparo, one of the greatest double-treat artists, in that he usually pencils **and** inks his own work.

Two-thirds of the comic **SUPERMAN FAMILY** is under the careful guidance of Murray Boltinoff. With scripting by Cary Bates and art by long-time **Superman** artist Kurt Shaffenberger, the adventures of **Jimmy Olsen** and **Lois Lane** appear in the giant size comic album. The lead features rotate, along with **Supergirl,** edited by Julie Schwartz, and are backed up by two or more classic reprints in each 50¢ issue.

Murray's army career puts him well into the qualifications to edit **G. I. COMBAT** and the tales of Jeb Stuart's **Haunted Tank.** The military jargon and the accuracy of the equipment illustrated is mostly due to the direction given by ex-Tech/Sgt. Boltinoff. The book is Murray's "Change of Pace" from the mystery and superhero titles.

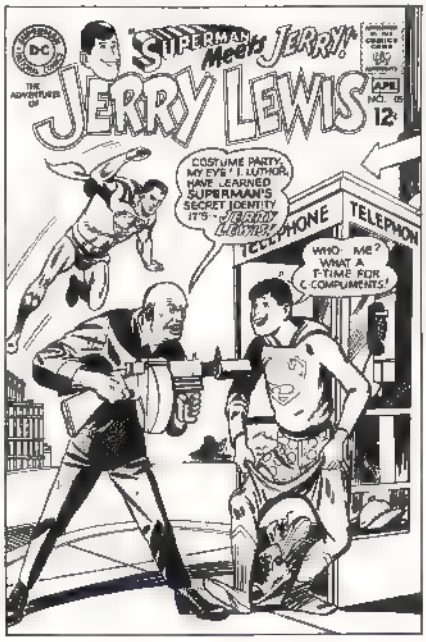
One of Murray's latest books featured the weird adventures of the most far-out super-freak of them all, **Metamorpho,** the Element Man. Recent reprints and successful back-up feature stories led **Metamorpho** to a highly popular solo appearance in **FIRST ISSUE SPECIAL.** Murray is very proud of the book because he was able to utilize the talents of the character's original writer-artist team, Bob Haney and Romona Fradon.

With all his experience, Murray remains a level-headed and soft-spoken man. When most people are caught up in the frenzy of deadlines, Murray is apt to pass by an office and let loose with a joking remark that instantly removes the tension.

Above all, Murray Boltinoff is a professional. The books that he edits are continually among the best-selling in the industry. He expects no less from the people he works with.

If you see a story in a comic edited by Murray Boltinoff, you can be sure that it will stand up to the high standards that Murray demands. If you find yourself completely fascinated by the story, bear in mind that it's no accident. Like all other successes, there's a reason for it. In Murray Boltinoff's case, the reason is . . . experience! ●

GREATEST ADVENTURE
REBORN OUT OF DISASTER, FOUR SURVIVORS ROSE AGAIN TO FORM A LEGION OF THE WORLD'S STRANGEST HEROES!
A FULL LENGTH COMICS THRILL YOU'LL NEVER FORGET!


SUPERMAN Meets JERRY!
JERRY LEWIS
COSTUME PARTY, MY EYE! I LUTHOR HAVE LEARNED SUPERMAN'S SECRET IDENTITY IT'S - JERRY LEWIS!
TELEPHONE
WHO- ME? WHAT A TIME FOR COMPLIMENTS!

WOW IN HIS OWN MAGAZINE!
METAMORPHO
THE ELEMENT MAN
BUT WHAT IS THIS ?
HAS THE WORLD'S MOST FANTASTIC HERO AT LAST MET HIS DEFEAT ?

SUPERMAN PHOTOS

Exclusive behind the scenes production shots of GEORGE REEVES as the television MAN OF STEEL! Choose from this wide assortment of amazing 8" x 10" photos.

F. 4-in-1 sheet: the Stars of the SUPERMAN show
L. 4-in-1 sheet. George Reeves hams it up on the set

$1.00 a photo | $1.00 postpaid. Special Bonus: Order five, get six! Order twelve, get one! Order two, get three! Order ten, get twelve! Be sure to specify the shots you want.

All 10 5" x 7" shots for $5.00 (Sold ONLY as a set!)

AMAZING WORLD OF COMICS—PHOTOS
P.O. Box 116
Radio City Station
New York, N.Y. 10019

I am enclosing $ ..... for the items circled.

CIRCLE YOUR ORDER—

A	B	C	D	E	F
G	H	I	J	K	L

CARTOONS

NAME .....

ADDRESS .....

CITY ..... STATE ..... ZIP .....

SUGAR AND SPIKE

'Twas Everything Nice

BY JACK C. HARRIS

In 1956, when the comic book industry was in the midst of a great upheaval brought about by public condemnation of the medium, originality was a rarity. The super-heroes, having suffered tremendous losses due to their waning popularity, were just beginning their long struggle toward the coming "pop culture" era. Even with their new costumes and better artwork, they could not be considered original. They all had their genesis with SUPERMAN. The Western comic book heroes took their guns, horses and "they-went-that-away's" from Hopalong Cassidy and, before him, Tom Mix. The funny animals were all second cousins to Mickey Mouse and claimed Disney as their inspiration. The only original thing about comic books in 1956 was their direction. There were many new ways of manipulating creative flames. However, this was only a re-kindling of old fire. In 1956 there was nothing truly original . . . except Sheldon Mayer's **Sugar and Spike.**

The first issue of **Sugar and Spike** was dated April-May, 1956 and it introduced to the reader the book's two heroes. Were they a new super-hero team? A pair of prairie wanderers? Funny animals? No! **Sugar and Spike** were two gibberish-spouting babies! In a fantastic flair of creative energy, Sheldon Mayer began the adventures of Cecil (Spike) Wilson and his next door neighbor, Sugar Plumm who were so young that they could only utter meaningless sounds. However, the noise was only meaningless to Grown-Ups. The two infants understood Baby-Talk perfectly and a view of the Grown-Up world was presented from their knee-high viewpoint. But, in addition to understanding each other, they could also converse with **any** baby, human or animal. The rationale was the fact that babies everywhere make the same noises. Such a universal language just had to be decipherable and Sheldon Mayer was our translator.

However, even in fluent Baby-Talk, the vocabulary is limited. Over the years the pair developed an entire glossary of Baby-Talk Translations: The telephone was, logically, the Yakity-Yak Box, a spoon was a Mouth Shovel, a pencil was a scribble stick and Daddy's tool box was, of course, Daddy's **Toy** Box. Occasionally, an entire page of these definitions were printed for readers' benefit.

Sometimes one of the pair would pick up a "Grown-Up word". "Toopit ijit" was one that resulted in much corner-standing for Sugar. Excited by their daughter learning to speak, Mrs. Plumm would forget to punish Sugar when she said, "I sowwy" after breaking a vase. Sugar figured that it meant, "The cat did it."

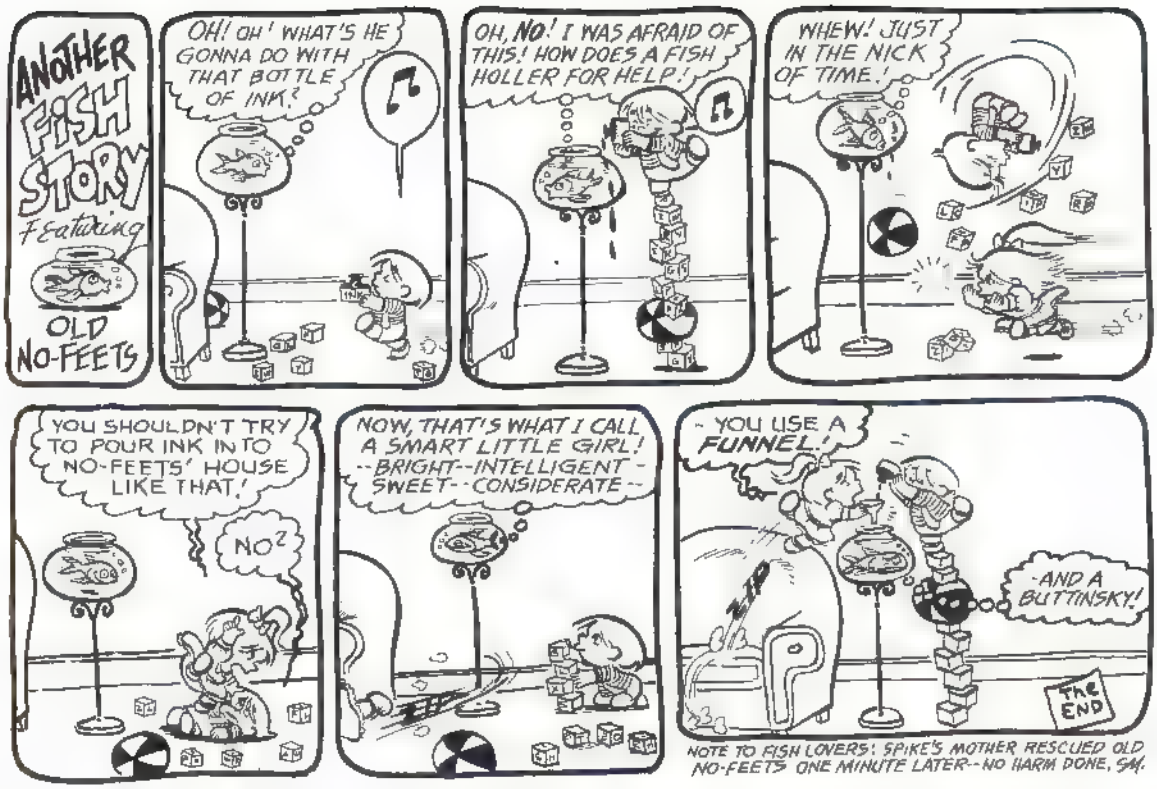
10¢
SUGAR AND SPIKE
YOUR MOMMY GAVE YOU THAT CANDY!
YES-THE BABY BOOK JUST KEEPS ME FROM SUCKING MY THUMB!
HARVEY'S LOUD-THIS BECOMES A THUMP-THROAT!
SHUCH! LETS SEE WHAT THE BABY BOOK SAYS!
PHOOEY! WRONG BOOK!

In the third issue a letter column was introduced under the heading, "We Got Letters". "They sound better than they taste", remarked Spike as he chewed a small sample of the mail. The mail was from children of every age. From three-year-olds and grandparents and every age group in between, the letters of praise poured in. Mayer and the editors reacted in an incredibly positive way by opening the comic directly to the readers. Ages were included at the bottom of each letter. Readers' suggestions were used and a sense of participation was included in every issue. The readers, young and old, were made to feel a part of the magazine.

It is said by those who are supposed to know that a person's personality is completely shaped by the time they are five years of age. If you were a reader of **Sugar and Spike,** you knew that personality was clear just a few months past birth. Sugar Plumm was the leader of the pair, the brains of the outfit, since she had been around longer (at least a week). Sugar instigated their escapades that often led them to sitting in a corner and having their parents wonder if that "meaningless gibberish" really meant anything. On their first meeting (S&S #1), Spike was surprised that he could understand Sugar. On the other hand, Sugar seemed used to the idea that Baby-Talk was universally understood—by babies. She was a domineering female and quite in love with her "Doll-Boy", Spike. Spike was a little tough guy. He was Sugar's self-appointed protector and could be pushed around by no one . . . except Sugar. She showed her love by pushing Spike over every chance she had. It was true love.

It was the nature of the book to feature not only several **Sugar and Spike** stories, but also a refreshing array of half and full page features. There were paper dolls of **Sugar and Spike** and black and white pages to color, but the two most notable features were "You Be The Editor" and "Write Your Own Comic Page." These were consistent with the active participation theme that predominated the book. The latter feature was a 6 panel, uncolored Sheldon Mayer sight gag. The readers were to color the page and write the dialogue in the empty word balloons provided. Often, the readers were invited to send in their finished pages and prizes of original art or money were awarded for the best ones. The winning pages were sometimes published in later issues, with full credit given to the young author. The other feature was usually a 5 or 6 panel **Sugar and Spike** gag that was pasted down in the wrong order. This, too, was usually left uncolored. The readers were to color and cut the panels and place them in the correct order. What a terrific bargain of fun for your money.

In the 98-issue run of the comic there were five different editors. However, there was only one writer and one artist during all that time: Sheldon Mayer. The stories, the feature pages, the characters and all the drawing came from his fertile mind. Whitney Elsworth, Lawrence Nadel, Murray Boltinoff, Dick Giordano and Nelson Bridwell all held the editorial


ANOTHER FISH STORY
Featuring
OLD NO-FEETS
OH! OH! WHAT'S HE GONNA DO WITH THAT BOTTLE OF INK?
OH, NO! I WAS AFRAID OF THIS! HOW DOES A FISH HOLLER FOR HELP!
WHEW! JUST IN THE NICK OF TIME!
YOU SHOULDN'T TRY TO POUR INK INTO NO-FEETS' HOUSE LIKE THAT!
NO?
NOW, THAT'S WHAT I CALL A SMART LITTLE GIRL! --BRIGHT--INTELLIGENT--SWEET--CONSIDERATE--
YOU USE A FUNNEL!
AND A BUTTINSKY!
ZIP
THE END
NOTE TO FISH LOVERS: SPIKE'S MOTHER RESCUED OLD NO-FEETS ONE MINUTE LATER--NO HARM DONE, SM.

reins, but the brains and energy were Sheldon Mayer's. Under all the editors, Mayer aimed the magazine directly at the readers, pulling them into the stories and by dedicating each story to a reader who had sent in an idea. He also sent sketches to readers who sent in self addressed stamped envelopes. And, if the readers wrote in and demanded a certain type of story, Mayer delivered. One such instance of meeting the readers' demands was in the case of **Sugar and Spike's** parents. In the early issues, the Wilsons and the Plumms were featured prominently. Later, as Sheldon centered more on his moppet pair, the faces of their parents were lost above **Sugar and Spike's** eye level, hidden by the word balloons. After many years and hundreds of letters, Sheldon re-introduced the parents, but, strangely enough, they did not look the same as in the early issues.

The parents were not the only supporting cast that was created. There were many others too numerous to list, but some outstanding ones that must be mentioned, such as Sugar's uncle Charlie, the policeman. Uncle Charlie had the habit of bringing Sugar some sort of toy that would always result in an impossible situation. There was Great Gran' Pa Plumm who was so old that he was experiencing his second childhood. Therefore, he could not only speak Grown-Up, but perfect Baby-Talk as well! Later, when an element of the fantastic was introduced into the book, Bernie the Brain, the baby genius was introduced and given a very large role. In one notable story ("Poof! You're a Teenager" S&S #82), the grown-up Bernie of the future brought back the **Sugar and Spike** of tomorrow to the present. It was the only time in the series that the readers saw what the intrepid pair would look like as teenagers. It was also another answer to readers' request.

In **Sugar and Spike** #94, the only issue edited by Dick Giordano, Raymond, a black baby was introduced. Raymond solo-starred in perhaps the most memorable non-**Sugar and Spike** story in the series. In #97, "Raymond and the Angel" told the story of how a little angel found his place in Heaven with the unwitting help of Raymond. One issue later, the series ended.

Sugar and Spike are gone. In 1971, **Sugar and Spike** faded from the newsstands and their like has not been seen since. Perhaps they grew up and went their separate ways, but in the memories of all those who grew to love them, they will always be babies wondering why intelligent Grown-Ups can't understand good, universal Baby-Talk. ●

FOLLOW THAT SPACE-CABBY!

A personal look at the six-to-eight pages of fun, fun, fun adventures of the one and only SPACE-CABBY

BY TONY ISABELLA

Follow the panels for this special SPACE-CABBY featurette, rescripted from old panels from the original series from over 17 years ago!

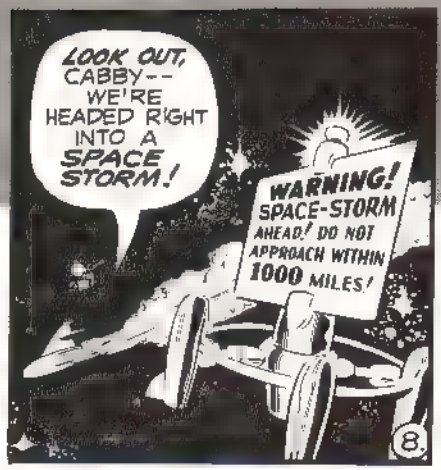
I've been writing for a good many years now, friends. Since that first story, fame has followed me like a faithful puppy . . . that hasn't been housebroken. I've written for all kinds of publications: school newspapers, underground newspapers, overground newspapers, matchbooks, humor magazines, fanzines, political journals, gardening weeklies, comics . . . and, finally, through no fault of my own, **THE AMAZING WORLD OF DC COMICS.**

The above, by the way, is called a "vamp 'til ready." It's normally used to denote the music the orchestra plays until the singer is ready to start singing. In this particular instance, it means the copy used to put you (the reader) at ease while the writer (me) gets ready to do his stuff.

Ready.

I've always had a soft spot in my heart for the DC science-fiction comics. They couldn't possibly compete with the SF comics EC had produced a few years earlier, but they hung in there. They didn't have Bill Gaines, Al Feldstein, or some of the best artists ever to ply their trade in comics. What DC had was a handful of science-fiction writers, few of which had contributed much to comics (with the exception of Otto "Adam Link" Binder and Edmond "Star Kings" Hamilton) and a bunch of artists who drew the comics like they were afraid they'd give their readers heart attacks if they ever drew an exciting scene. Some of these artists would later master the mechanics of story-telling and turn out excellent, and in some cases, extremely innovative work; but, in the beginning, it was a seemingly endless parade of head shots and stiff figures.

What made these early DC science-fiction comics interesting was the willingness of the editors, writers, and artists to totally suspend any known law of science at the drop of a penpoint. I remember these stories with fondness, like the one I recently had an opportunity to reread. **MYSTERY IN SPACE** #42's *"Secret of the Skyscraper Spaceship,"* in which the Empire State Building is turned into a spaceship to land an army on Mars. Freaky, huh? But that story is typical of the DC science-fiction comics of the period which



comic fanatics like myself devoured whenever we could get our hands on them.

One of my favorite strips from the DC science-fiction comics is the much - maligned **Space - Cabby** series, written by the late (and sorely missed) Otto Binder. When editor Julie Schwartz reprinted one of the stories in **STRANGE ADVENTURES** #219 ("Space-Flight to Danger," originally presented in **MYSTERY IN SPACE** #28), the reader response was far from encouraging, as typified by the comments of one LOCer.

> "There can exist no story as inane, asinine, and senseless as this, with such utter disregard for physical and spatial laws and future culture possibilities. It's true that a comic magazine science-fiction yarn will not resemble the works of a Heinlein or Asimov, but still, some semblance to reality must be maintained."

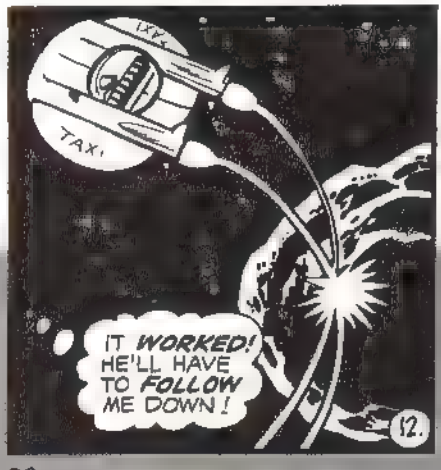
Why? Why should we concern ourselves with relatively unimportant elements like scientific laws and the philosophy of future cultures when reading the **Space-Cabby** stories? That's not where the **Cabby** was at. The tales he appeared in were primarily human interest stories. If the science was weak, so what? The characterization of the **Space-Cabby** and his co-stars never was. I think our reader and other detractors missed this.

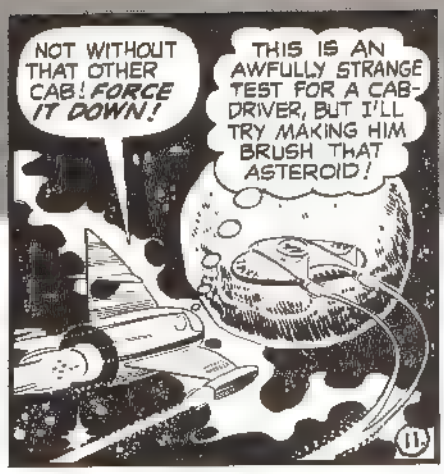
The **Space-Cabby** is the eternal "little guy." He works pretty hard to make ends meet, but they never quite do. He's the future edition of the cab driver of 1975. He's given to commenting on a number of things: the emptiness of his wallet, the rising cost of living, the dullness of the space freeway, and every movie his favorite actor ever made. He's probably delivered a baby or two in his time . . . when he couldn't get an expectant mother to the Galaxy Metro Hospital in time.

Editor Schwartz later reprinted the first of the **Space-Cabby's** exploits in **FROM BEYOND THE UNKNOWN** #18, *"The Hitchhiker of Space"* (originally from **MYSTERY IN SPACE** #24, Feb.-March, 1955). The **Cabby's** hack is stolen and he must hitchhike to Jupiter to get it back. Hardly the stuff of Hugo awards, but a very human thing to happen to a comics mag hero. He even shows that touch of larceny that exists in us all when he tries to stowaway on a ship to save himself the bother of waiting around for a lift.

That premiere appearance, written by Ed Herron and drawn by Howard Sherman, got a favorable response somewhere along the line . . . and became the first in a series of **Space-Cabby** stories. The **Cabby** reappeared in **MYSTERY IN SPACE** #26 (June-July, 1955) and was now written by Binder and drawn by Gil Kane and inked by Bernie Sachs, the "permanent" art team on the series (except for the occasional ink jobs by Joe Giella and the three stories drawn entirely by Bernie Sachs, for the **Cabby's** regular series in **MIS** until his last appearance in #47 (October, 1958).

The **Space-Cabby** often found himself the innocent victim of both circumstance and plot. In both *"Menace of the Space-Nectar"* (**MIS** #43) and *"Riddle of the*




NOT WITHOUT THAT OTHER CAB! FORCE IT DOWN!
THIS IS AN AWFULLY STRANGE TEST FOR A CAB-DRIVER, BUT I'LL TRY MAKING HIM BRUSH THAT ASTEROID!
11.

Glowing Space-Cabby" (**MIS** #44), an aspect of the **Cabby** is the focus of the story. In the first, a metabolic craving for a new flavor (Space-Nectar) nearly drives the **Cabby** to bankruptcy, but not before a gang of crooks kidnap him at ray-gunpoint and force him to help them locate a cache of stolen goods hidden somewhere near a Space-Nectar plant. In the latter story, our interplanetary hack experiences a dizzying glow effect whenever he leaves his cab. As a result, he becomes a virtual PRISONER in his cab; living, sleeping, and eating in it until a hold-up artist sticks him up for his space-credit earnings.

The monotony of the Space Thruway was the subject of another **Space-Cabby** adventure, *"Follow the Space-Leader," in* **MYSTERY IN SPACE** #42 (Feb.-March, 1958). Closed fist on his cheek in boredom, the **Cabby** complains to his passenger, "No meteors to avoid . . . no jammed space intersections . . . not even a billboard to see! I can hardly keep awake . . . ho hum!" Even his passenger is yawning. Later in the story, the **Cabby** is forced to lead escaping robbers through the old, unmonotonous spaceways. His inspired schemes to alert the police include a horrible rendition of a well-known space-ditty with certain words altered. But how many cabbies have you met that can carry a tune? Right. Aren't you glad you can't **hear** comics?

One of my favorite tales has to be *"Search for a Star"* (**MYSTERY IN SPACE** #46, Sept., 1958), in which the **Cabby** gets to meet his favorite actor, Jak Bruce. In this fast-moving story, we get a character study of Jak Bruce, middle-aged swashbuckler trying to recapture a youth that is no longer his. In an unique change of pace, the **Space-Cabby** transcends his "little guy" role to convince Jak that his acting ability was every bit as big a drawing card as his spectacular movie stunts. The actor begins a second film career as a character actor and wins an Oscar. The **Cabby's** reward? Great new movies to see starring his favorite actor, Jak Bruce.

Each story was resolved by the **Cabby's** own ingenuity, and therein hangs the true joy of the series: his humanness. Between the **Cabby's** narrative captions and his own quick wits and humor, we readers were treated to a refreshing **character.**

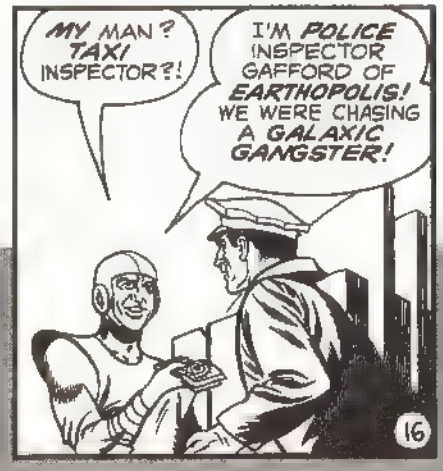
The stories were also highly noted for the numerous futuristic versions of modern-day life, like movie theaters on floating asteroids, tunnels through entire planets, space garage repairmen and even space drive-in diners with spacesuited car hops.

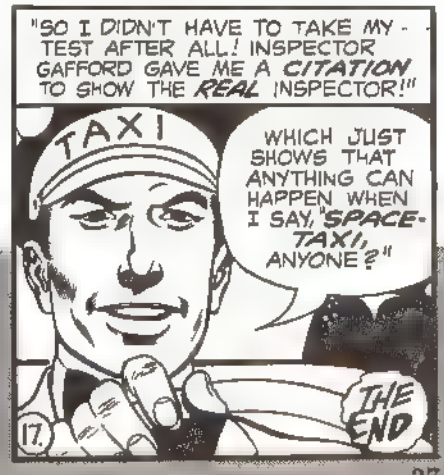
Whether the **Cabby** was worrying about a decline in tips or how to get his hack repaired cheaply, his adventures were always more than welcome in my home. It's my fondest hope that more of these stories will be reprinted. We can learn from what has gone before, people.

In one respect, I must admit, that reader was right. There could have been a touch more realism in one aspect of the **Space-Cabby** stories. In the entire series, not once did I "hear" the **Cabby** utter a single word of profanity.

A hack driver who doesn't curse other drivers to the heavens?

Now, **that's** too fantastic! ●

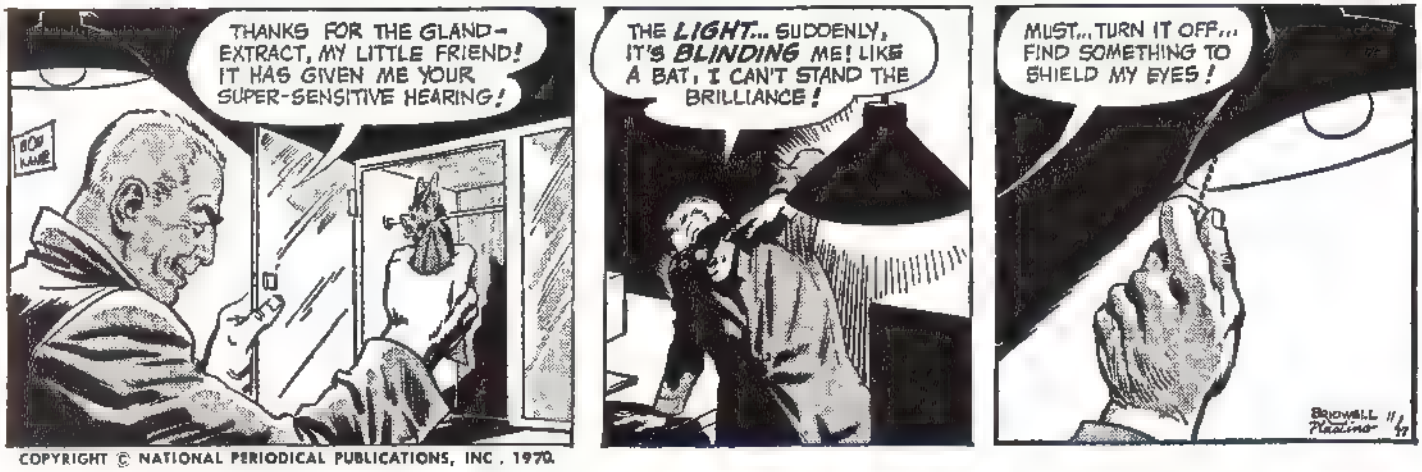



"SO I DIDN'T HAVE TO TAKE MY TEST AFTER ALL! INSPECTOR GAFFORD GAVE ME A CITATION TO SHOW THE REAL INSPECTOR!"
TAXI
WHICH JUST SHOWS THAT ANYTHING CAN HAPPEN WHEN I SAY, "SPACE-TAXI, ANYONE?"
17.
THE END

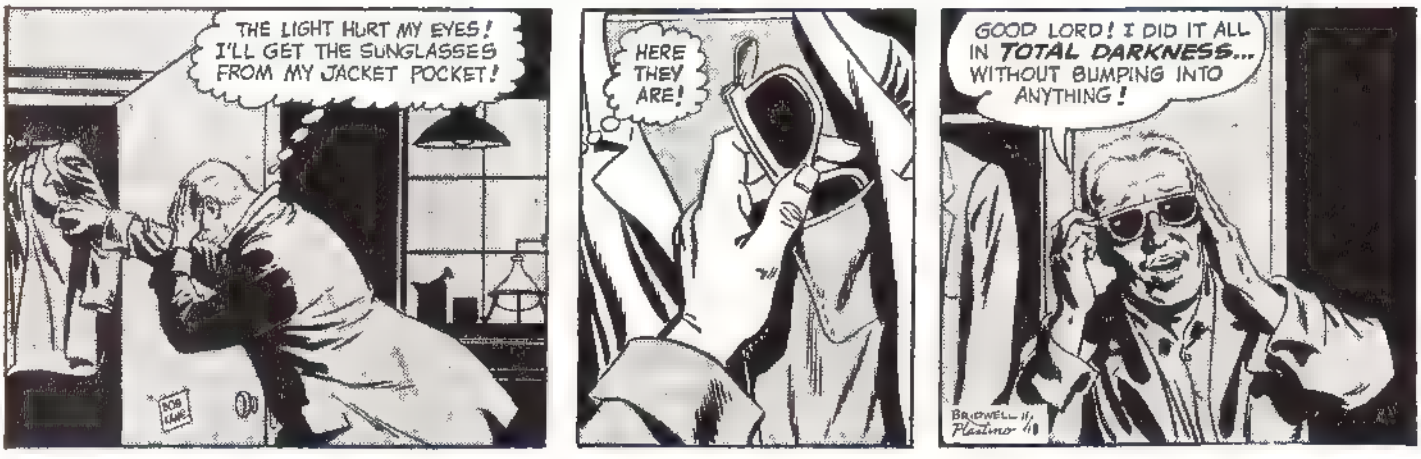
BATMAN

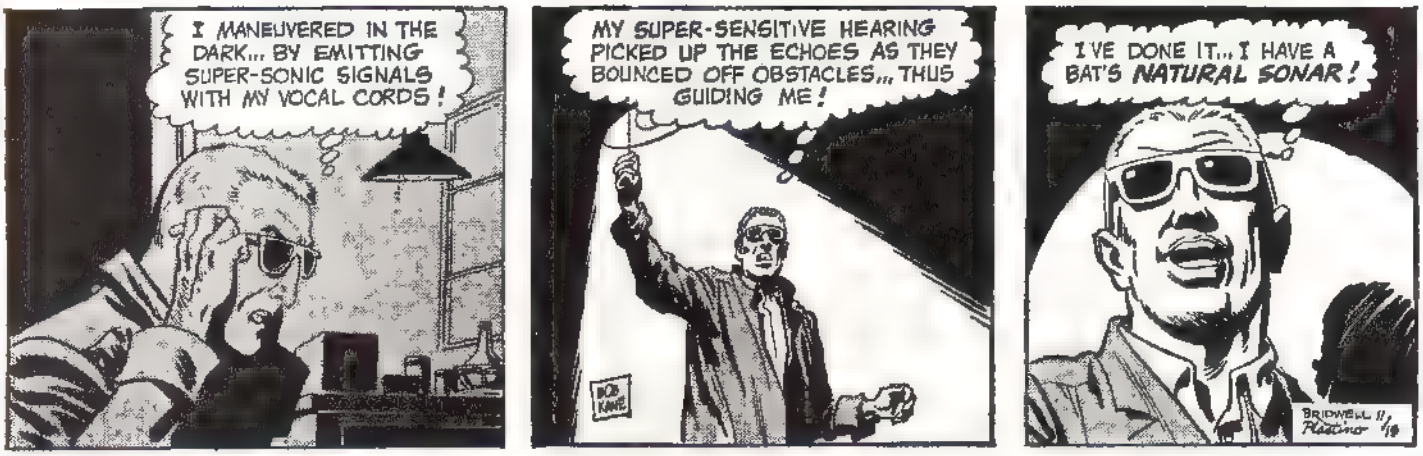
With ROBIN THE BOY WONDER

To recap Part I, which appeared last issue: ROBIN has just begun college at Hudson University, but BATMAN found a new partner in GREEN ARROW. The two JUSTICE LEAGUERS search for a runaway Gotham teen, Jeff Whipp. Jeff is near H. U. and has been taken in by off-campus agitators who plan to make him a martyr for their cause. ROBIN discovers their plans and contacts BATMAN and GREEN ARROW, who rush to H. U. to stop the killing, just as Professor Kirk Langstrom begins his awesome transformation to MAN-BAT!


THANKS FOR THE GLAND-EXTRACT, MY LITTLE FRIEND! IT HAS GIVEN ME YOUR SUPER-SENSITIVE HEARING!
BOB KANE
THE LIGHT... SUDDENLY, IT'S BLINDING ME! LIKE A BAT, I CAN'T STAND THE BRILLIANCE!
MUST... TURN IT OFF... FIND SOMETHING TO SHIELD MY EYES!
BRIDWELL 11/77 Platino

COPYRIGHT © NATIONAL PERIODICAL PUBLICATIONS, INC., 1970.


THE LIGHT HURT MY EYES! I'LL GET THE SUNGLASSES FROM MY JACKET POCKET!
BOB KANE
HERE THEY ARE!
GOOD LORD! I DID IT ALL IN TOTAL DARKNESS... WITHOUT BUMPING INTO ANYTHING!
BRIDWELL 11/ Platino 10


I MANEUVERED IN THE DARK... BY EMITTING SUPER-SONIC SIGNALS WITH MY VOCAL CORDS!
MY SUPER-SENSITIVE HEARING PICKED UP THE ECHOES AS THEY BOUNCED OFF OBSTACLES... THUS GUIDING ME!
BOB KANE
I'VE DONE IT... I HAVE A BAT'S NATURAL SONAR!
BRIDWELL 11/ Platino 10

I'VE DONE IT--GIVEN MYSELF A BAT'S NATURAL SONAR! I CAN GET AROUND WITHOUT SEEING!
BUT THAT DRIP IS DRIVING ME BANANAS! ORDINARY SOUNDS ARE TOO LOUD FOR ME!
PLIP PLIP
THESE WAX EAR-PLUGS WILL DO...FOR NOW!
IT'S LATE...MUST GET SOME SLEEP BEFORE CLASSES TOMORROW!
I'LL TURN OFF THE LIGHT AND...
WHAT'S THIS?
MY HANDS! THEY'RE BECOMING HAIRY... CLAW-LIKE!
PROF. LANGSTROM'S EXPERIMENT WITH GLAND EXTRACT FROM BATS HAS HAD UNEXPECTED RESULTS...
MY HANDS HAVE BECOME HAIRY... CLAW-LIKE!
I'LL PUT ON GLOVES, AND...
MY HAT! FELT LIKE SOMETHING PUSHED IT OFF...
GREAT GOD! I'M TURNING INTO A... MAN-BAT!
I'VE TURNED MYSELF INTO A MONSTER! NO ONE MUST SEE ME LIKE THIS!
I'LL GO INTO HIDING... BUT FIRST I'LL SEND A TELEGRAM... TELL THE DEAN I'VE BEEN CALLED OUT OF TOWN.
I'LL HIDE OUT IN ONE OF THE DESERTED BUILDINGS IN THE TENEMENT AREA SOUTH OF THE CAMPUS!
OH-OH! THAT'S WHERE ROBIN IS!

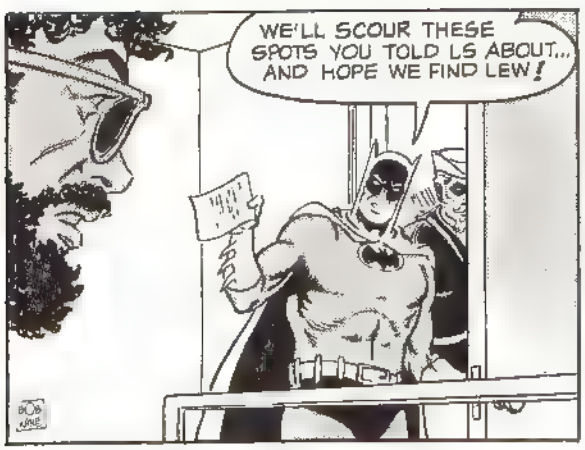
AS PROF LANGSTROM, CHANGED INTO A WEIRD MAN-BAT, RUSHES THROUGH THE TENEMENT...
MUST FIND SOME PLACE TO HIDE OUT... WHERE NO ONE CAN SEE ME... TILL I FIND A WAY TO CHANGE BACK!
BOB KANE
SKREEEK! WATCH OUT!
OOPS! SORRY!
BRIDWELL 11/25
THE HIPPIE TYPES AROUND HERE ARE PRETTY WEIRD! DIDN'T GET A GOOD LOOK AT HIS FACE... BUT HE SURE HAS A GOOFY HAT!
NOT A SIGN OF LEW AND HIS VICIOUS PACK! GUESS THEY'RE HOLED UP TILL TIME FOR THEIR BIG MOVE!
BOB KANE
IF I COULD FIND 'EM HEAD OFF THE PLANNED RIOT...
HERE COMES SOMEBODY!
GET HIM!
HUH?
BRIDWELL 11/26
MUGGERS, EH? WELL...
BOB KANE
...THIS TIME YOU PICKED THE WRONG "VICTIM"!
BRIDWELL 11/27
I'LL TIE YOU WITH MY BAT-ROPE, THEN LEAVE YOU WITH THE POLICE.
HMM... MAYBE YOU CAN HELP ME...
AT THE POLICE STATION...
YEAH, I TRIED TO MUG YOU... BUT I DON'T KNOW THIS LEW GUY... OR A CHICK NAMED FLAME!
BOB KANE
I'VE SEEN 'EM... BUT DUNNO WHERE THEY HANG OUT NOW! THEY KINDA MOVE AROUND!
BRIDWELL 11/28
NOT A CLUE TO WHERE THEY WENT! BUT IF I DON'T FIND THEM, AN INNOCENT KID MAY BE MURDERED!
WANT
MURD

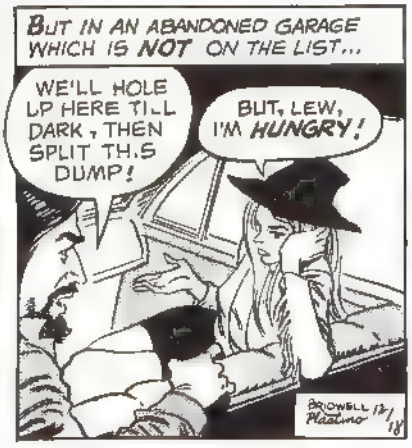
A DISCOURAGED ROBIN HEADS BACK TO THE HUDSON U CAMPUS...
THE POLICE ARE LOOKING FOR LEW... AND JEFF!
BEST THING FOR ME IS TO GET A LITTLE SLEEP BEFORE DAWN... BE FRESH FOR WHATEVER HAPPENS!
BROWELL 11/30
BESIDES, I HAVE CLASSES AS DICK GRAYSON TOMORROW!
HUDSON
MORNING--AND LEW GIVES INSTRUCTIONS TO HIS FOLLOWERS...
GET YOUR PROTEST SIGNS... HEAD FOR THE CAMPUS BY TWOS AND THREES.
ARE YOU REALLY TAKIN' ME WITH YOU?
CHECK, JEFF! I REALLY WANT YOU IN ON THIS DEMONSTRATION...
... 'CAUSE YOU'RE GONNA BE OUR MARTYR!
BROWELL 12/1
THIS GROUP LOOKS PRETTY UGLY!
THE WORST TROUBLEMAKERS IN TOWN!
DOWN WITH THE DEAN
DEATH TO ESTABLISHMENT
POWER TO US!
AND AMONG THE DEMONSTRATORS...
SAY, WHERE'S LEW?
UH, HE'S AROUND SOMEWHERE!
WITH A GUN... TO KNOCK OFF THIS KID AND BLAME THE FUZZ!
NO WAR
DESTROY THE SYSTEM
BROWELL 12/2
WE'RE HERE TO SEE THAT THIS DEMONSTRATION STAYS PEACEFUL!
AND WE PLAN TO SEE THAT IT DON'T!
DESTROY THE SYSTEM
TRY GETTIN' STONED, PIG!
THE RIOT'S BEGUN! ROBIN'S CUE FOR ACTION!
BROWELL 12/3

WAHOO! REINFORCEMENTS, JUST WHEN I NEEDED 'EM!
C'MON... THE RIOT HAS STARTED!
LET'S MOVE, GREEN ARROW!
CHECK, BATMAN!
AND IN THE SHRUBBERY BEHIND THE POLICE..
LET 'EM DO WHAT THEY WANT! I'LL STILL PIN A KILLIN' ON THE FUZZ!
BROWN 1 ON THE ORDER
BROWELL 1/4 Plastino
THAT'S JEFF WHIPP IN FRONT OF THE RIOTERS!
THEY PUT HIM THERE ON PURPOSE!
LEW IS SOMEWHERE BEHIND THE POLICE! HE HAS A GUN... PLANS TO KILL JEFF!
CHECK, ROBIN... IN FACT, HE'S AIMING THAT GUN RIGHT NOW!
BROWELL 1/5 Plastino
AS LEW AIMS HIS GUN AT JEFF..
THE GREEN ARROW SPOTS A GLEAM OF SUNLIGHT ON THE BARREL...
THAT MUST BE THE GUNMAN ROBIN TOLD US ABOUT!
...AND RAPIDLY FITS AN ODD-LOOKING ARROW TO HIS BOW-STRING!
BROWELL 1/7 Plastino
SPOTTING A GLEAM OF METAL, THE GREEN ARROW FIRES ONE OF HIS TRICK ARROWS..
AND AS LEW AIMS HIS GUN...
RUH! A SMOKE SCREEN... BLOCKIN' MY VIEW!
CAN'T SEE JEFF, BUT HE WAS RIGHT ABOUT THERE!
BROWELL 1/8 Plastino

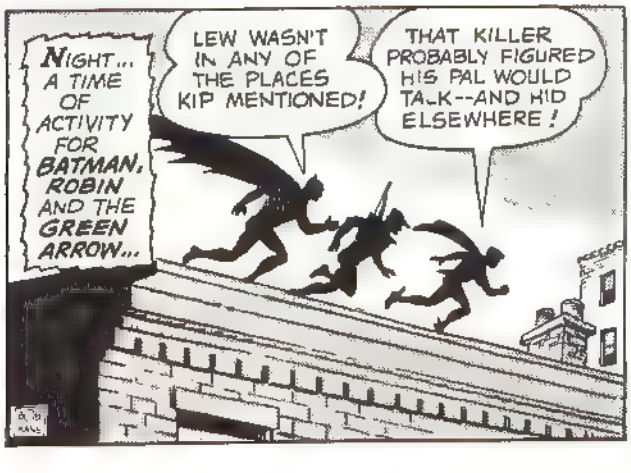
LEW FIRES BLINDLY INTO THE SMOKE SCREEN..
LEW SHOT, ANYWAY! SOMEONE'S BEEN HIT!
IT'S KIP! LEW SHOT HIS OWN BUDDY!
THAT... @%☆%!!
LEW PLUGGED HIS OWN PAL!
BUT WHY?
HE WASN'T SUPPOSED TO SHOOT ME...
YOU WERE THE TARGET! LEW WAS GONNA BLAST YOU AND BLAME THE FUZZ!
WHAT??
AND HOW ABOUT LEW?
GOTTA SPLIT.. BEFORE THOSE COSTUMED COPS ZERO IN ON ME!
GOTTA SHAKE THIS SCENE FAST! LUCKY I PARKED A GETAWAY CAR NEAR HEAR!
LET THE OTHERS TAKE CARE OF THEMSELVES!
YOU AREN'T CUTTIN' OUT WITHOUT LITTLE FLAME, LOVER!
C'MON, JEFF! LET'S GET KIP TO A DOC!
CHECK, ROBIN!
LOOKS LIKE THE SHOOTING TOOK THE FIGHT OUT OF THOSE REBELS!
NOW LET'S GET THAT GUNMAN!
LOOKS LIKE LEW DUCKED OUT BEFORE THE SMOKE CLEARED!
BATMAN! FLAME HAS FLOWN THE COOP, TOO!

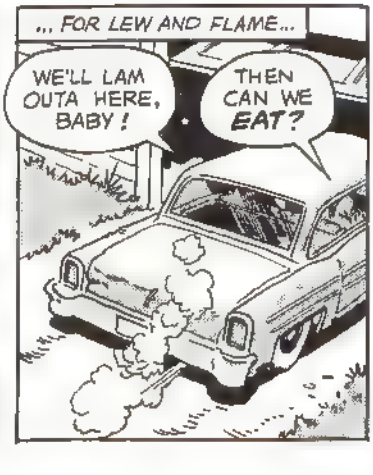
MIGHT BE BETTER TO HOLE UP TILL NIGHT!
WHERE?
I KNOW AN ABANDONED GARAGE WHERE WE CAN LIE LOW FOR A FEW HOURS! THEN WE'LL BLOW THIS BURG!
HERE'S THE PLACE, FLAME, DOLL! COME DARK, WE'LL SLIP RIGHT THROUGH BATMAN'S FINGERS!
YOU SURE THE FUZZ WON'T FIND US HERE? KIP MIGHT RAT ON YOU NOW THAT YOUR BULLET HIT HIM!
DON'T WORRY...
I DON'T TRUST ANYBODY ALL THE WAY! KIP DON'T KNOW ABOUT THIS PLACE!
AND IN A NEARBY HOSPITAL...
I'LL BE GLAD TO SPILL ALL I KNOW ABOUT THAT FINK, LEW!
YEAH... I'LL TELL YOU ALL THE HANGOUTS I KNOW OF THAT LEW HAD!
GOOD!
I'LL SPILL THE WHOLE PLOT! LEW HAD A POLICE REVOLVER...
WE FOUND IT WHERE HE DROPPED IT!
THIS WAS TAKEN FROM THE BODY OF A MURDERED POLICEMAN!
YOUR BUDDY, LEW, IS A COP-KILLER!
THEN LEW AIN'T JUST WANTED FOR ATTEMPTED MURDER! HE'S ALREADY A KILLER!
THE WORST KIND... A COP-KILLER!
YOU FUZZ SURE STICK TOGETHER! WHY IS KILLIN' A COP WORSE'N ANY OTHER MURDER?
A MAN WHO WOULD MURDER AN ARMED POLICEMAN...
...WOULD HARDLY HESITATE TO KILL ANY UNARMED CITIZEN!

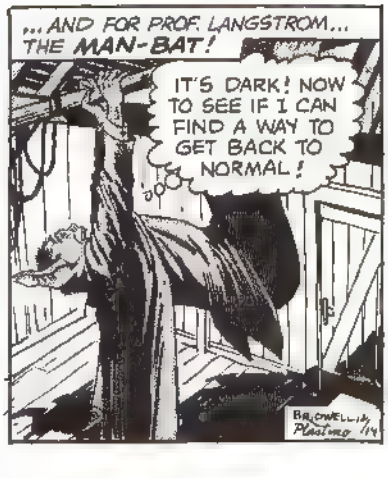

WE'LL SCOUR THESE SPOTS YOU TOLD US ABOUT... AND HOPE WE FIND LEW!

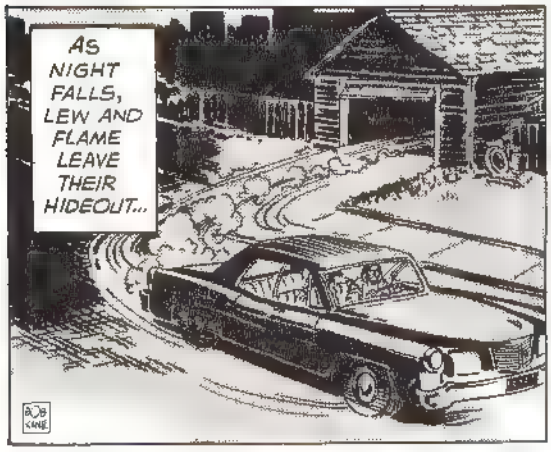

BUT IN AN ABANDONED GARAGE WHICH IS NOT ON THE LIST...
WE'LL HOLE UP HERE TILL DARK, THEN SPLIT THIS DUMP!
BUT, LEW, I'M HUNGRY!

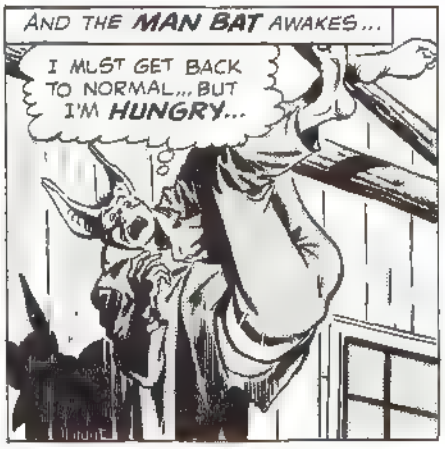
YOU'LL JUST HAVE TO GO HUNGRY, DOLL! YOU STICK YOUR LITTLE, PINK NOSE OUTSIDE AND YOU'LL HAVE THE COPS ON OUR NECKS, SURE!


NIGHT... A TIME OF ACTIVITY FOR BATMAN, ROBIN AND THE GREEN ARROW...
LEW WASN'T IN ANY OF THE PLACES KIP MENTIONED!
THAT KILLER PROBABLY FIGURED HIS PAL WOULD TALK--AND HID ELSEWHERE!


... FOR LEW AND FLAME...
WE'LL LAM OUTA HERE, BABY!
THEN CAN WE EAT?


... AND FOR PROF. LANGSTROM... THE MAN-BAT!
IT'S DARK! NOW TO SEE IF I CAN FIND A WAY TO GET BACK TO NORMAL!


AS NIGHT FALLS, LEW AND FLAME LEAVE THEIR HIDEOUT...

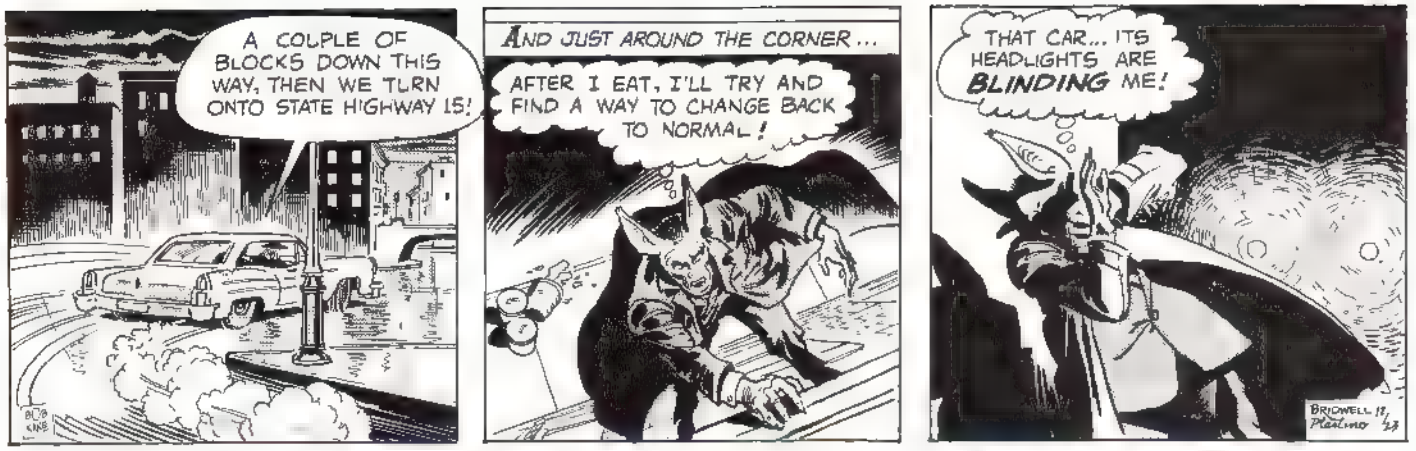

AND THE MAN BAT AWAKES...
I MUST GET BACK TO NORMAL... BUT I'M HUNGRY...

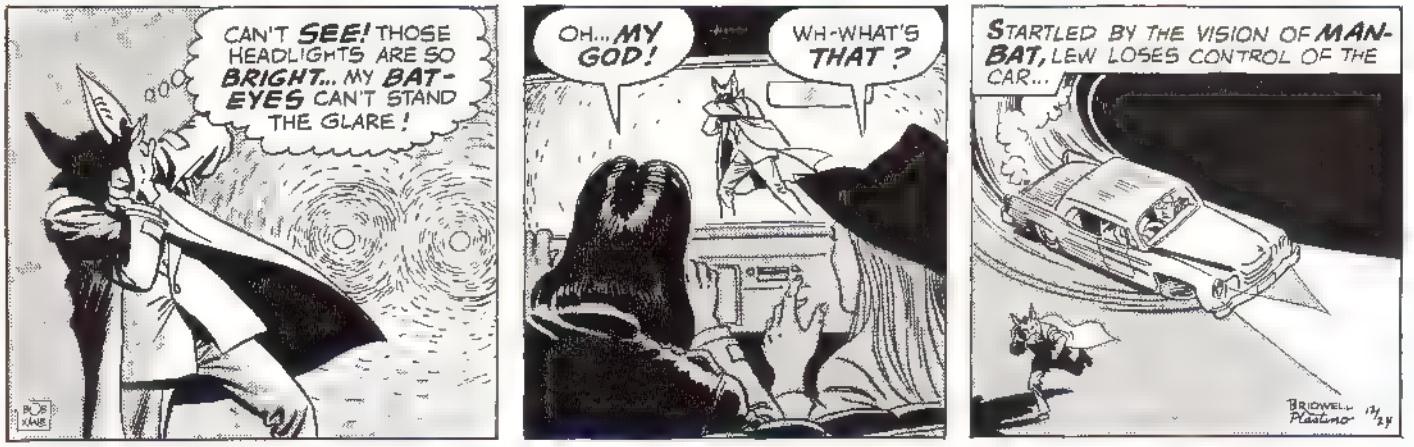
I'LL SEE IF I CAN SCROUNGE UP SOMETHING...

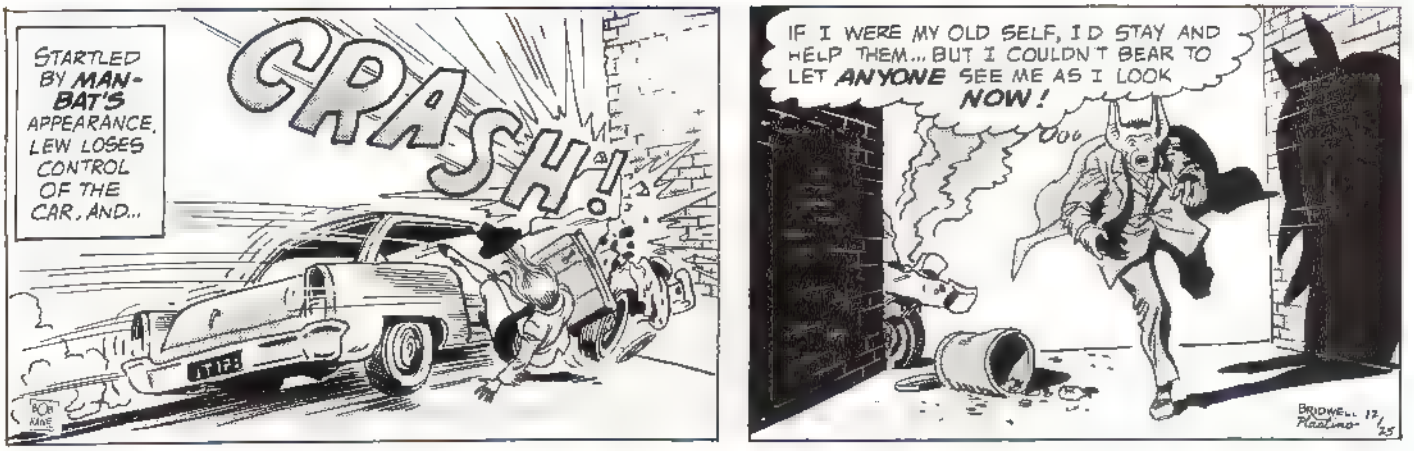
WE'LL HEAD FOR STAR CITY. PLENTY OF PLACES TO HIDE OUT THERE!
CAN'T WE STOP AND EAT FIRST? I'VE HAD NOTHIN' ALL DAY!

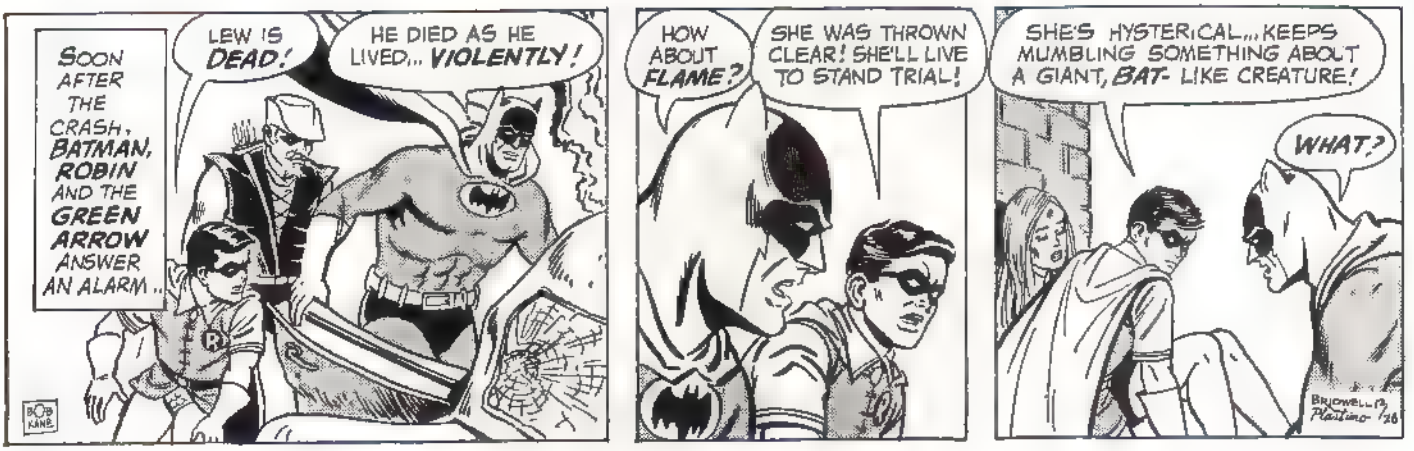
IF WE LET OURSELVES BE SEEN, WE'LL BE EATIN' OUR NEXT MEAL IN A CELL!

IF WE MAKE IT OUTA TOWN WITHOUT RUNNIN INTO A ROADBLOCK, WE'LL GET SOME FOOD!


A COUPLE OF BLOCKS DOWN THIS WAY, THEN WE TURN ONTO STATE HIGHWAY 15!
AND JUST AROUND THE CORNER...
AFTER I EAT, I'LL TRY AND FIND A WAY TO CHANGE BACK TO NORMAL!
THAT CAR... ITS HEADLIGHTS ARE BLINDING ME!
BOB KANE
BRIDWELL 17/23


CAN'T SEE! THOSE HEADLIGHTS ARE SO BRIGHT... MY BAT-EYES CAN'T STAND THE GLARE!
OH... MY GOD!
WH-WHAT'S THAT?
STARTLED BY THE VISION OF MAN-BAT, LEW LOSES CONTROL OF THE CAR...
BOB KANE
BRIDWELL 17/24


STARTLED BY MAN-BAT'S APPEARANCE, LEW LOSES CONTROL OF THE CAR, AND...
CRASH!
IF I WERE MY OLD SELF, I'D STAY AND HELP THEM... BUT I COULDN'T BEAR TO LET ANYONE SEE ME AS I LOOK NOW!
BOB KANE
BRIDWELL 17/25


SOON AFTER THE CRASH, BATMAN, ROBIN AND THE GREEN ARROW ANSWER AN ALARM...
LEW IS DEAD!
HE DIED AS HE LIVED... VIOLENTLY!
HOW ABOUT FLAME?
SHE WAS THROWN CLEAR! SHE'LL LIVE TO STAND TRIAL!
SHE'S HYSTERICAL... KEEPS MUMBLING SOMETHING ABOUT A GIANT, BAT- LIKE CREATURE!
WHAT?
BOB KANE
BRIDWELL 17/26

SO LEW DIED... BECAUSE HE LOST CONTROL OF HIS CAR.
YET FLAME SAID HE WAS STARTLED BY A HUGE, BAT-LIKE CREATURE!

BUT I WAS NOWHERE NEAR THE SCENE!
WHO... OR WHAT... DID THEY SEE?

THE ANSWER IS IN A LAB AT HUDSON U...
SOMEHOW, I MUST FIND A WAY TO BECOME NORMAL AGAIN!
BRIDWELL 12/Platino '38

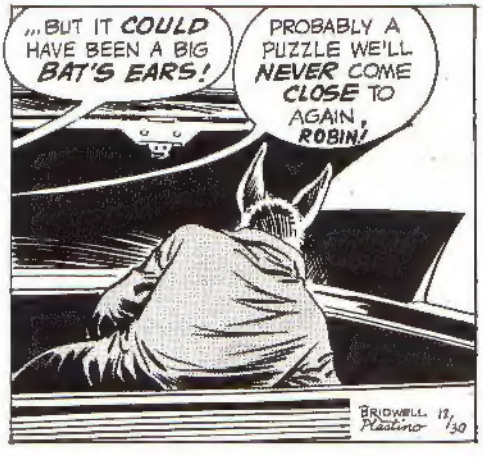
THROUGH THE NIGHT, PROF. LANGSTROM (MAN-BAT) WORKS...
STILL NO RESULTS! I DON'T KNOW HOW TO CHANGE MYSELF BACK!

BUT WHO COULD HELP ME? WHO IS A GREATER AUTHORITY ON BATS THAN I AM?

OF COURSE! BATMAN!
BRIDWELL 12/Platino '39

AS THE INVESTIGATION OF LEW'S DEATH COMES TO AN END...
WHATEVER IT WAS LEW AND FLAME SAW, THEIR CRASH WAS STILL ACCIDENTAL!

I'VE BEEN THINKING, THOUGH... I SAW SOMEONE, IN WHAT I THOUGHT WAS A WEIRD HAT...
MY CHANCE!


...BUT IT COULD HAVE BEEN A BIG BAT'S EARS!
PROBABLY A PUZZLE WE'LL NEVER COME CLOSE TO AGAIN, ROBIN!
BRIDWELL 12/Platino '30

WELL, MY EQUIPMENT IS BACK IN THE TRUNK. ALMOST TIME TO GO!
AND I'LL HAVE TO SAY GOODBYE TILL VACATION TIME.

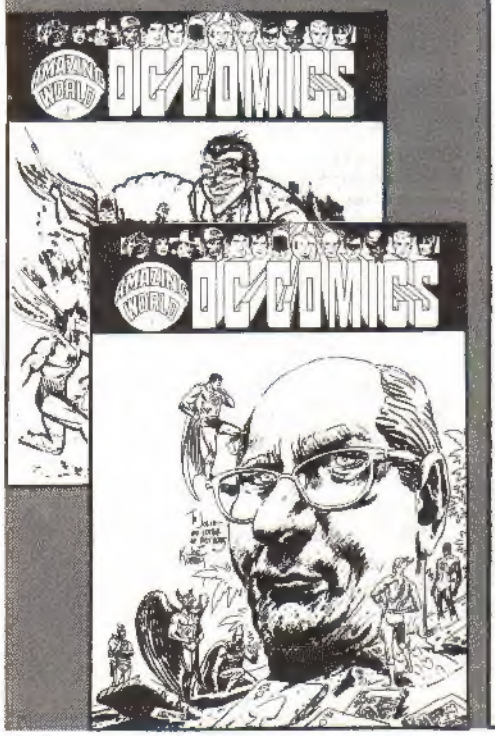
AND INSIDE THE TRUNK, MAN-BAT CROUCHES...

GREEN ARROW! CAN I DRIVE YOU BACK TO STAR CITY?
NO, THANKS, PAL! I HAVE OTHER PLANS!
BRIDWELL 12/Platino '31

YOU DON'T WANT ME TO DRIVE YOU HOME TO STAR CITY?
NO! YOU HAVE TO RETURN JEFF WHIPP TO GOTHAM CITY, ANYWAY!
AND I JUST HEARD FROM ONE OF OUR FELLOW JUSTICE LEAGUE MEMBERS, WHO'S HEADING MY WAY! I CAN GET A LIFT!
FROM WHOM? SUPERMAN...?
YOU'RE WAY OFF!
THE BLACK CANARY!

COPYRIGHT © NATIONAL PERIODICAL PUBLICATIONS, INC., 1971.

SO LONG, PALS!
'BYE, GREEN ARROW... BLACK CANARY!
I FELT SORRY FOR G A WHEN HE LOST HIS FORTUNE, BUT NOW I ALMOST ENVY HIM!
WITH A GIRL FRIEND LIKE BLACK CANARY, WHO WOULDN'T?
WELL, MY ONLY TRAVELING COMPANION TO GOTHAM WILL BE JEFF WHIPP!
THE END... FOR NOW!



AMAZING WORLD OF DC COMICS,
National Periodical Publications, Inc.,
P.O. Box 116, Radio City Station,
New York, N.Y. 10019

Please send me the following:

		Check Here
AMAZING WORLD # 3	$1.50	.....
AMAZING WORLD # 4	$1.50	.....
AMAZING WORLD # 5	$1.50	.....
AMAZING WORLD # 6	$1.50	.....
AMAZING WORLD # 7	$1.50	.....

I am enclosing ..... (Check or Money Order Only)

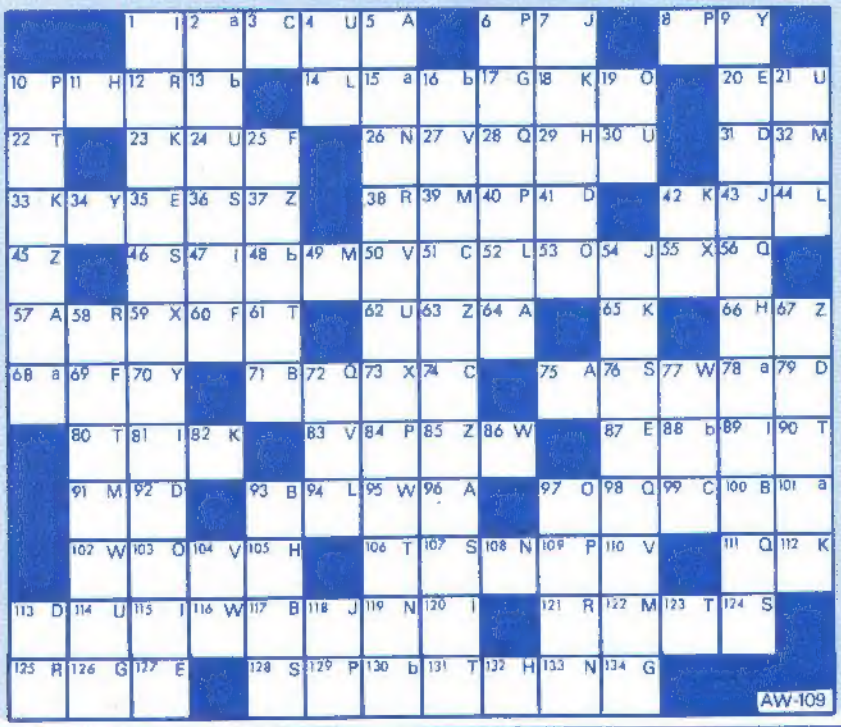
Name .....
Please Print Clearly

Address .....

City .....State..... Zip .....

AMAZING WORLD OF PUZZLES

BY E. NELSON BRIDWELL



DIRECTIONS: Figure out the mystery clues below and fill the letters into the corresponding spaces above. (Note: The small letters in the spaces above correspond to the clues.)

A. A new broom will do this clean. 64 75 5 96 57

B. Uncertain (slang). 100 71 93 117

C. Clark Kent shall inherit the Earth. 74 99 3 51

D. If it isn't one thing, it's an — 92 31 79 41 113

E. An amphibian — but not Aquaman. 35 127 87 20

F. Crooks feel this for the JLA. 69 25 60

G. This is a Japanese play, yes? 134 17 126

H. The Sandman's specialty. 66 29 105 11 132

I. One of the Seven Soldiers, the Shining — 89 47 115 120 81 1

J. Magician who appeared in WHIZ COMICS. 118 54 43 7

K. Green Lantern's ring needs this every 24 hours. 33 82 18 112 42 65 23

L. No one's managed to do this to the JLA. 14 52 94 44

M. Robin is one. 32 122 39 91 49

N. Afresh. 133 119 108 26

O. Fed into the JLA computer. 19 103 97 53

P. Dr. Light or Vandal Savage. 84 6 40 10 129 109 8

Q. This is a real knockout. 28 111 98 56 72

R. This way to Superman's Fortress. 12 58 38 125 121

S. One of Hawkman's feathered friends. 36 107 124 46 128 76

T. Spoke. 123 80 106 90 61 22 131

U. Word used by Batman's man, Alfred. 4 24 62 21 30 114

V. The JSA is on -Two. 83 50 110 104 27

W. Golden Age hero Cornwall. 95 86 77 116 102

X. Dr. Mid-Nite's Hooty. 73 59 55

Y. Giant bird of New Zealand (Superman met the last one). 70 9 34

Z. Describes a leprechaun. 85 67 63 37 45

a. Give three for the JLA. 78 2 68 15 101

b. The Golden Boy. 48 88 130 13 16

SPIKE LOSES AGAIN!
GUESS WHO!
ER--HM--AHHH--
ZIP
GIVE UP?
NO--DON'T TELL ME... I'LL GUESS IT IN A MINUTE!
WELL?
IT'S YOU!
NO FAIR! YOU PEEKED!
SWAT
SHELDON MAYER
THE END